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Mumming Plays, examples of which come from all over the country and are of unknown origin, are usually given at Christmas time. The players wear ordinary clothes covered with strips of cloth or brightly coloured paper. In Hampshire, they are called 'Johnny Jacks' and include the Presenter (dressed as Father Christmas), St. George, the Slasher or Turkish Knight, and the Doctor. Speaking in rhyming couplets, Presenter introduces the players and St. George challenges any who doubt his brave deeds. Slasher takes up the challenge, and after a long sword fight is struck down. Presenter calls for the Doctor, who revives Slasher. Other characters then dance and appeal for funds.

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

COMMEMORATING THE DEAD OF TWO WORLD WARS—REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY IN WHITEHALL, WHERE THE KING AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH, ACCOMPANIED BY LIEUTENANT MOUNTBATTEN, STOOD BEFORE THE CENOTAPH WATCHED BY A VAST CONCOURSE OF PEOPLE: Members of the Cabinet and the Opposition are seen grouped on the west side of the Memorial. The Queen, Queen Mary and Princess Margaret looked on from a window of the Home Office

The Armistice Day of the First World War, the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, has given place to Remembrance Sunday, the commemoration of those who gave their lives in two world wars. Last Sunday the King and the Royal Family, Ministers, members of the forces and civilians gathered again round the Cenotaph to remember and salute the dead. There were also services throughout the country and throughout the Commonwealth. Princess Elizabeth, in the khaki uniform and red tabs of an A.T.S. staff officer, stood beside her father, and near her in naval uniform was her future husband, Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten. It was the last public function at which the couple will be seen together before their marriage on November 20. The ceremony at the Cenotaph followed its usual impressive course. After the King and Princess Elizabeth had laid their wreaths, followed by Mr. Attlee and representatives of the Dominions, the Bishop of London conducted a short service. At the close "Reveille" was sounded by buglers of the Royal Marines, and later thousands filed past the Memorial

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Reactions.—There are several ways of testing the electorate's reactions towards its Government. There are the older ways, by-elections, local Government elections, and the harvest which may be gathered from wide-spread talks with all and sundry in trains, buses, pubs and drawing-rooms. The last I think about as reliable as Stock Exchange gossip. It is often said that *every* traveller by train or bus talks like crusty Tory. Then there is the modern scientific method of Gallup polls, conducted by the Press. How reliable these inquisitions may be, I do not know. Myself, I put some value on the B.B.C. symposiums of Editors, who discuss our imperial and domestic affairs. By and large, I collect my opinions on the present mind of the electorate somewhat as follows: 1. The Labour Party acknowledges that it has temporarily lost the support of a large number of the middle class who helped to vote it to power, the cause being the unfortunate coincidence of new austerities after two long years of belt-tightening and gyve-tightening. It does not admit that this recession was due to exuberant promises wholly unfulfilled made on the hustings in 1945, or to its own incompetence and reckless spending. 2. It believes that it has lost practically no support among the working classes and the "life-long" Socialists. It is probably right in this belief. It has no fears of reverses in Socialist Parliamentary strongholds. 3. A small but by no means inconsiderable section of the electorate is genuinely Liberal, and would support Liberal candidature wholeheartedly, if the Liberal organisations could only close their ranks and put up candidates only where conditions are hopeful and would not split the anti-Socialist vote. The closing of the Liberal ranks would soon lead to a working agreement with the Conservatives not to compete against each other. 4. There are grave doubts as to whether in this present crisis a Conservative Government, if returned to power, could survive the revenge and bitter obstruction to be expected from Labour's outraged followers. 5. Therefore, a Coalition Government to-day has a majority backing in the minds of the electorate until the crisis is past. That majority is perhaps not large and may be held to take the view that Mr. Attlee's present Government attempted too much, has failed, and has outlived its usefulness—at least so long as the crisis lasts.

Headaches Ahead for Mr. Attlee.—"Unless we get rid of the House of Lords, we cannot get iron and steel nationalised. Iron and steel and the House of Lords are going to be the most troublesome things this Government has to deal with." So said Mr. J. Binns, Socialist M.P. for Gillingham. Mr. J. Binns, like most Socialist M.P.s, states his opinions without reference to whether those opinions suit his leaders in the Cabinet. He is pretty safe to please some, for it is obvious that poor Mr. Attlee drives an awkward herd of pigs to market. I am sorry for Mr. Attlee to-day. And I very much doubt whether he would subscribe to Mr. J. Binns' opinion of his worst headaches ahead, or alternatively whether the list could not be usefully enlarged. I doubt if Mr. Attlee is at all anxious (*a*) to nationalise iron and steel; (*b*) to abolish the House of Lords, in the present Parliament. On the contrary, I think, on the morrow of the municipal elections, he ruefully observes the moving-finger writing and wishes that all his piety or wit could cancel even half a line of the writing on the wall. I think he wishes from the bottom of his heart that he had never surrendered to tampering with the Parliament Act, abolishing the basic petrol ration, keeping in pickle the nationalisation of iron and steel, still further alienating the housewife, and still letting so many of his crew and passengers take their turns at the wheel as their fancy directs.

The "Party" Spirit.—Sir Stafford's broadcast was worth listening to. I did not grudge the extra ten minutes of crackle from the box of tricks following the 9 o'clock bulletin of the day's disasters. The speaker revealed in simple language his rare quality of perfect lucidity, of restraint, fair-mindedness, gentle persuasion, humanity and high principles. At that moment he seemed positively to tower above his colleagues. And it was pure accident, sheer bad luck, that a phrase, chosen so carefully, ruined the effect for one roomful of his hearers. We had just been speaking, not for the first time, of that basic cut, deploring the fact that after November 30 it would be useless to plan or accept the most simple and austere "evening party" for even one's nearest neighbours. So when Sir Stafford urged us to keep cheerful, to give little evening parties and junkets, a surge of uncontrollable laughter drowned his admirable peroration. Two or three things struck me when I coolly considered this deplorable *fou rire*. (1) For ever, these Socialists display the *urban mind*. Everything they plan is planned for built-up areas. They cannot conceive of solitude. They cannot realise what country life in winter is. Throw a party! And ask twenty people to slog it or bicycle an average of six miles in the dark for your glass of sherry. (2) For ever, these Socialists tumble over each other, contradict each other's nostrums, make nonsense of each other's preaching and policy. And Sir Stafford, so lucid, so human, so persuasive a preacher, so determined not to intrude the political party spirit, is doomed to bring the House down in merriment when he indulges the social-party spirit. It is hard luck.

"The Self-employed."—Mr. Griffiths commends his new National Insurance Scheme to me. He asks me to pay only 6s. 2d. a week and offers me sickness benefit, a pension for my widow, guardian allowances for my children, retirement pension and help with my funeral expenses—when I am sixty-five and retire from my labours. But how attractive! It looks too good to be true. My retirement pension, apparently, will not be less than 46s. a week, and when I am ill I shall get sickness benefit of 26s., 16s. for my wife and 7s. 6d. for my first child. No doubt the other pensions, allowances and funeral expenses will be on as lavish a scale. There must be a catch somewhere. There *is*. I am a newcomer to insurance and I am over sixty; therefore I shan't get these handsome benefits until I am seventy-four, and that is a long time on and a problematic cashing-in time. So all the benefit I get from the great social security scheme (until I attain to four years beyond man's allotted span) is the privilege of contributing £15-odd a year and the joys of further weekly stamp-licking for the benefit of posterity. Cheap at the price of altruism, but not, for me personally, a "good bargain"—in this world, at any rate.

Public Relations Officers.—These officials, with their secretaries, clerks, offices, were very much a luxury even in wartime when "there was money to burn." They "created" their own duties and chose for the most part to become the Press-agents of their departmental chiefs, working for these chiefs as loyally and energetically as the film-star's Press-agent, with judicious boost, publicity and apologia. And to-day they hang round our necks like millstones. Have they made the work of the various Ministries and totalitarian public-boards comprehensible to us? Not to me. What do they cost us? An odd million or two, like the British Council. Not worth bothering about, when we deal in one hundred millions. But when it comes to cheeseparing, then our few remaining sweets of civilisation, a little petrol, a little travelling, an ounce of tobacco, a rasher of bacon—all these are legitimate retrenchments, but the P.R.O.s and the British Council are as securely entrenched as the fat men of the gambling industries, and can laugh at economies and cuts. I suppose it is quite natural. The Ministers need all the boosting and apology they can get, and the name of Britain abroad to-day has a deal of ground to make up after the mud-spattering it has received. But are these the most effective means of securing either object?

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS—HER ROYAL HIGHNESS LEAVING AFTER DECLARING OPEN THE SOCIETY'S LECTURE HALL, NOW RESTORED FOLLOWING BOMB DAMAGE IN 1941: The Princess, who became President of the Royal Society this year, delivered a short address on the Society's work in the field of industrial design and afterwards presented diplomas and silver medals. When she had left the lecture hall, fellows and guests learned that the Society's wedding gift to her will be a gold box designed by Mr. R. Y. Goodden. It will bear on the outside her cipher within a garland of national emblems

Asylum.—Over half of civilisation the conditions of Babel and Bedlam exist. It is well that there should be a better sort of asylum still open, to the *victims* of mass-lunacy. We in England (most of us) heave a sigh of relief that M. Mikolajczyk is safe in England and snatched from the certain death of a "fair trial" by his political opponents. We cannot spell or pronounce his name. Few of us could "write three lines" about his career. But English statesman have reason to respect him and know a good deal about his efforts to preserve democratic institutions in Poland. He failed. Poland preferred the "easier" way of the satellite, and by the now familiar and sickening technique (patented by Hitler first) the left-wing party has proceeded to eliminate the middle parties and such vestiges of democracy as had survived or revived in Poland. The cases of Petkov in Bulgaria, Nagy in Hungary, and now Maniu in Rumania reveal clearly what a statesman in a satellite country who does not obey Moscow orders to the letter must expect—judicial murder or a near miss. I am glad of this proof that Britain is still a traditional and practical asylum for decent men who are made political refugees and martyrs with the return to barbarism in their own countries.

John Winant.—We can ill afford to lose (and it is harder to lose untimely) those noble-hearted Americans who by personal experience have come to understand the British character and way of life, our methods of thought, our habits and practices. For the most part, these men came to appreciate us at our true worth (with the accent on *true*) by living among us in our times of trouble. Such men are not too many and are indeed the finest sort of ambassadors of good-will, for when they go home they can and often do interpret England justly, and can blow the fog of misunderstanding from the minds of millions of Americans who judge us and our motives and actions by the standards of the Middle West and the banner-headlines of the sensational Press of both countries. John Winant was such a man; and he saw us in our darkest hour at our best. From that high peak we declined rapidly when military danger declined, but he knew what we were capable of in times of crisis and must have done much to interpret us fairly in his own country in the last months of his life. Physically and morally, he was a noble man. He was simple, modest and true, the first qualities of true greatness.

THE OLD STAGER

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THE TRAIL OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN THE FAIR STATE OF KASHMIR: An aerial view of a burning village lying some 20 miles to the north-west of Srinagar, capital of the State of Kashmir. This firing of peaceful villages is the work of Pathan, Waziri and Afghan tribesmen who have descended from the North-West Frontier and are fighting a "Holy War" for the extermination of the Sikhs in revenge for what the Sikhs did to the Muslims in the Punjab. They also seek to bring Kashmir into the new Dominion of Pakistan

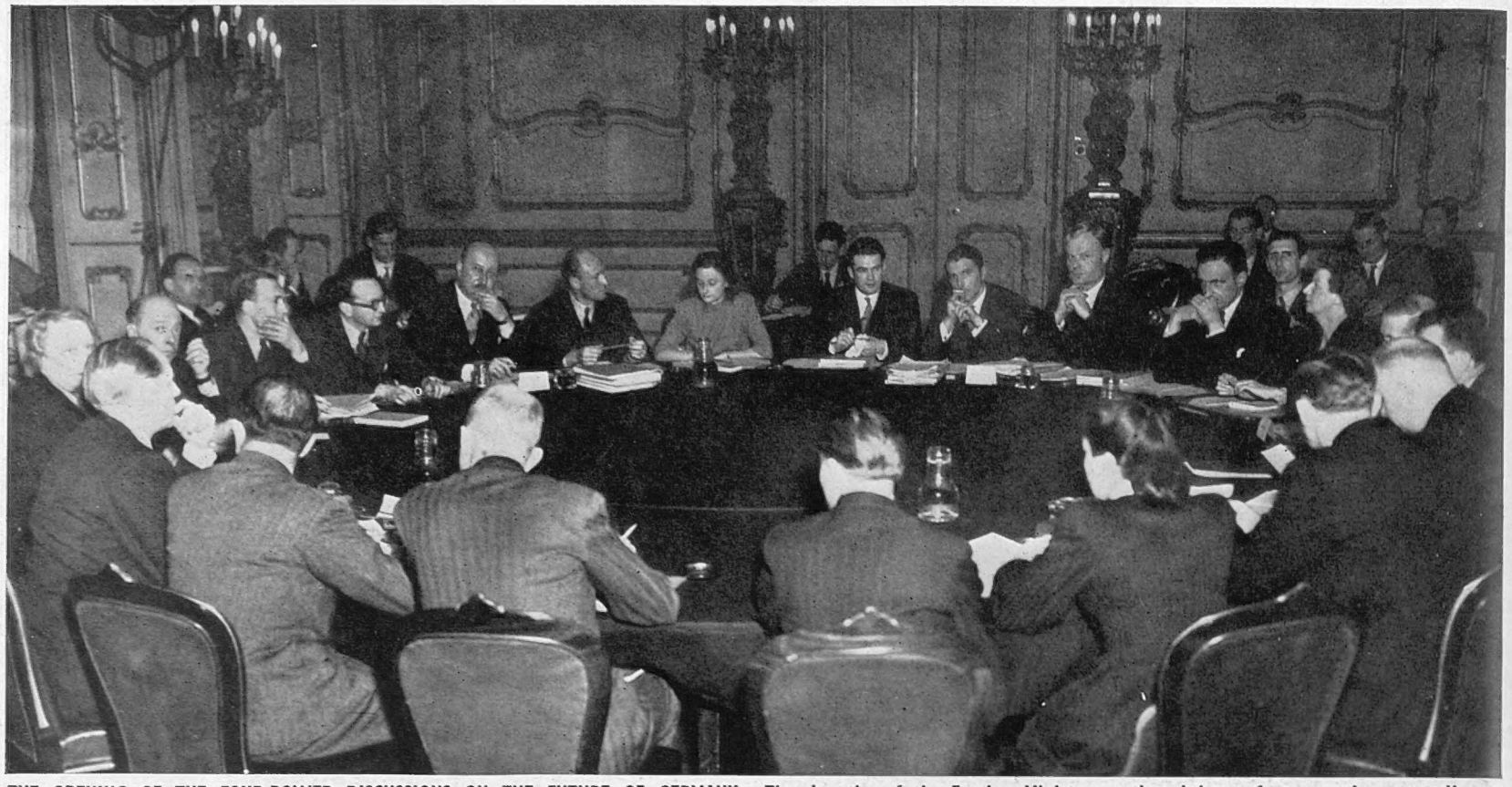
DOMINION OF INDIA TROOPS ARRIVE AT SRINAGAR AIRFIELD: A platoon marching across the landing-field after being flown into Kashmir from New Delhi in order to deal with the tribal insurgents who were pillaging the State

FLEEING FROM A FRESHLY-FIRED VILLAGE: An aerial view taken on the outskirts as Muslim tribesmen dashed for safety on the approach of a plane. They thought that Indian forces were counter-attacking and that they were in danger of being machine-gunned

MUSLIM TRIBESMEN DESCEND ON KASHMIR

A "Holy War" for Possession of the State

The accession of the State of Kashmir to the Indian Union provided the signal at the start of November for one of the most terrible acts of reprisal in the short and tragic history of the new independent India. Kashmir, bordered on the north by China, the Soviet Union and Afghanistan, has been invaded by a vast army of Muslim tribesmen from the frontier areas, who, *en route*, have passed through Pakistan. Everyone has a modern rifle, tied with bright strips of holy cloth, and everyone has taken an oath not to return to his mountain home until the massacre of brother Muslims in the Punjab is avenged. The warriors, led by Major Kurshid Anver, former Indian Army officer and collaborator with the Japanese in Burma, have swept down from the mountains, their first objective being Srinagar airfield. To save the State from capture, Pandit Nehru, Premier of the Dominion of India, has poured troops into Kashmir, and already there have been numerous pitched battles. The tribesmen are well equipped, and their well-defined war aims are to wipe out Sir Hari Singh's minority rule in Kashmir, bringing the State into Pakistan, to exterminate the chief Sikh State, Patiala, to capture Amritsar, and, if possible, to reach the gates of New Delhi. The tribesmen call themselves troops of the pro-Pakistan Free Kashmir Government, and they appear to have no backing from Mr. Jinnah's Government in Karachi. In any event, the modest army of Pakistan could not stem their incursion, as it has yet to be grouped into fighting formations

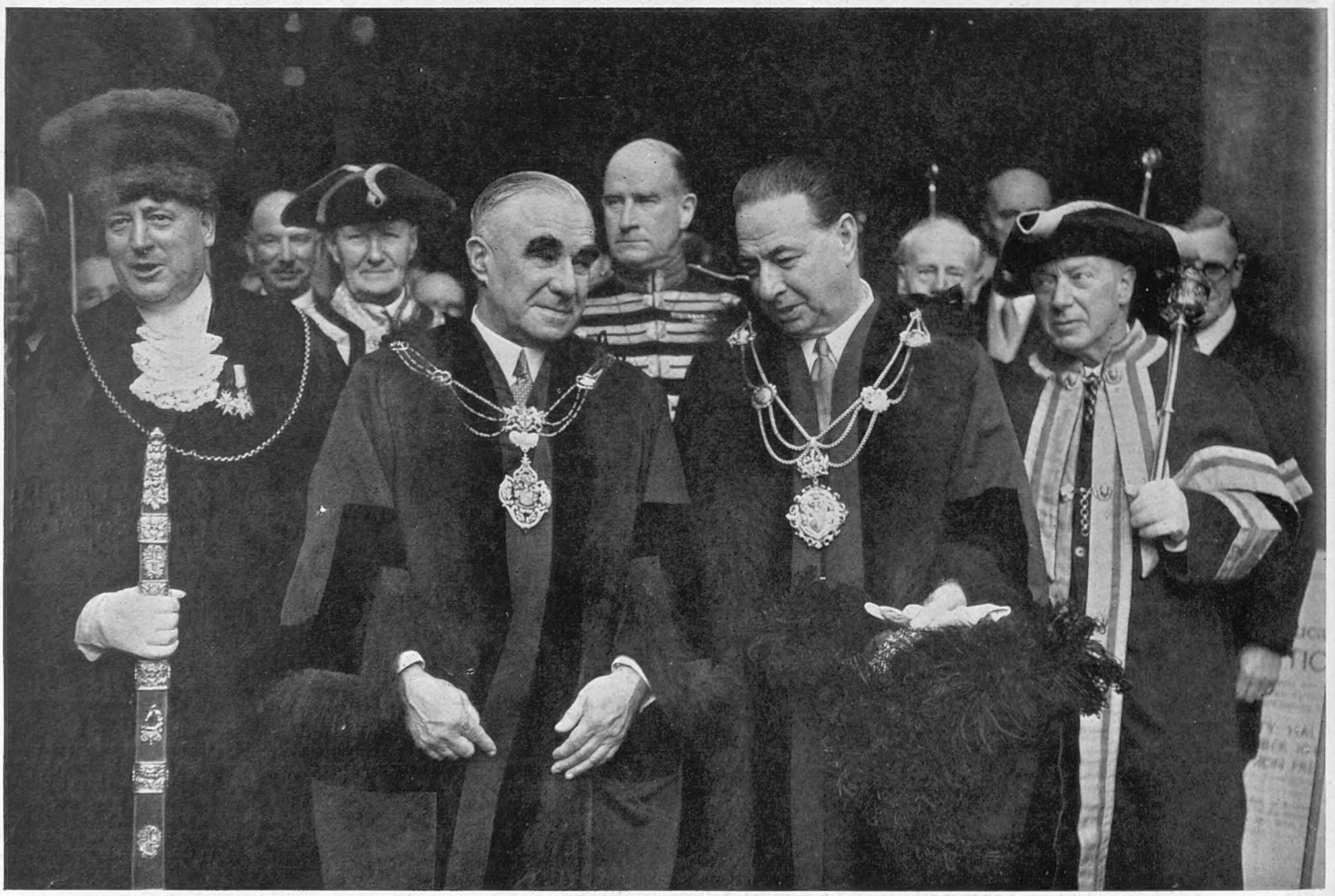


THE OPENING OF THE FOUR-POWER DISCUSSIONS ON THE FUTURE OF GERMANY: The deputies of the Foreign Ministers gathered in conference at Lancaster House, where it is their task to prepare the way for the Foreign Ministers themselves, who meet on November 25

THE DECISIVE TALKS ON GERMANY

The Deputies of the Foreign Ministers at Lancaster House

What is to be the future of Germany? Will there be an eastern state under Soviet domination and with Berlin as its centre, and a western grouping of the British, American and French Zones, with their joint capital at Frankfurt, or can some joint formula be found for a united Germany bound down by a treaty with the four major Powers? On November 25 it will be the task of the Foreign Ministers to decide this momentous issue of the Treaty, and meanwhile their deputies are meeting at Lancaster House to prepare the ground. At the moment the deputies are only exploring the fringe of the agenda, discussing such points as should Pakistan have a say in the future of Germany, and Albania be consulted on the preparation of the Treaty. At the time of writing there is very little understanding between East and West, and it would appear that the deputies have come armed with few concessions.



THE ADMISSION OF THE LORD MAYOR-ELECT AT THE GUILDHALL: The retiring Lord Mayor, Sir Bracewell Smith (right centre), seen with his successor, Sir Frederick Wells (left centre), after Sir Frederick had received the Seals of Office. Last Monday the new Lord Mayor drove in the Lord Mayor's Show to the Law Courts

LONDON'S NEW LORD MAYOR TAKES OVER

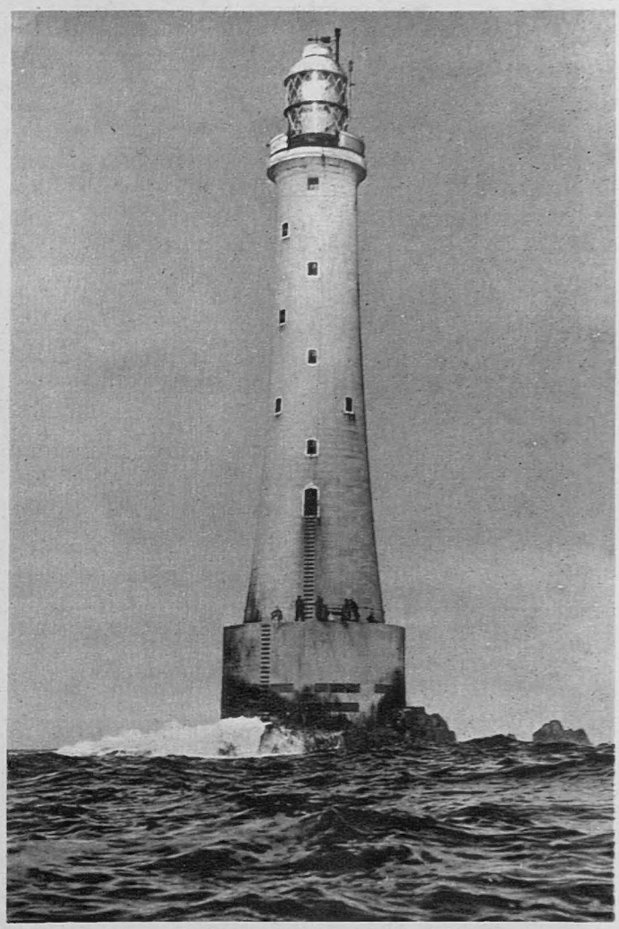
City Pageantry Outside the Guildhall

On the conclusion of his highly exacting and successful year of office, Sir Bracewell Smith has been made a baronet. His successor, Sir Frederick Wells, is Alderman of Bread Street, an area which was almost completely destroyed in the blitz. For his services as Sheriff in 1945 Sir Frederick received a knighthood in the New Year Honours List this year. He is on the Court of the Haberdashers and Carmens Companies, and has wide business interests. The dominant note of last Monday's pageant was agriculture and its progress in the past 1,900 years, the theme being "the country comes to the city." To meet the demands of austerity last Monday's banquet was held at the Mansion House and not in Guildhall. The three Services were all represented in the procession.

DRAMA on the BISHOP ROCK

The Man Who Went to Repair the Roof and Lost His Nerve

RESCUING LEONARD PROWSE FROM BISHOP ROCK: Boatmen holding the rope by which the man who had lost his nerve was lowered from the lighthouse after a sojourn of five days on the rock. Prowse, a native of Penzance, was asked by a Trinity House official if he would do repairs at £11 a week. He agreed, but only when he reached the Scillies did he realise that this particular job was at the Bishop Rock



THE BISHOP ROCK LIGHTHOUSE: Just above the rock is the landing platform where Leonard Prowse was tied to a rope and lowered into a plunging boat waiting to effect his rescue after the lighthouse keeper had reported that Prowse had lost his nerve. "The lighthouse upset me completely," said Prowse

ONE STEP NEARER SAFETY: *Left*—**Leonard Prowse enters the rocking rescue boat after being lowered from the platform of the Bishop Rock, and (*right*) sitting in the bottom of the boat when en route back to the Scillies. After a day or two on the Scillies, Prowse returned to his wife and family at Penzance**

Hardly a year goes by without the Bishop Rock lighthouse, that lonely sentinel off the Scilly Isles, being the scene of a drama in some shape or form. Last winter, it may be remembered, two B.B.C. men were marooned on the rock for twenty-nine days after going there to do a Christmas broadcast. The latest drama concerns Leonard Prowse, a Penzance labourer, who after five days on that lonely wave-smashed outpost has been reduced almost to a nervous wreck. "I never want to see a lighthouse again," said Prowse as he stumbled ashore from a boat at St. Mary's, Scilly Isles. "No man was ever more thankful to get his two feet on mother earth."

The story began on Penzance quay when a Trinity House official asked Prowse, an unemployed mason's labourer, whether he would do a job in Scilly for £11 a week. "It was darn good pay, so I took the job," said Prowse, "and it was only when I got to Scilly that I discovered the job was on the lighthouse, and it was only when I got into the lighthouse that I discovered it was on the roof. It meant being strapped to the outside of that shivering tower. I could not have faced it. All these days I have had the roar of a thousand guns in my ears. And when the wind blew at the windows it was like the rattle of machine-guns, while the tower swayed to and fro. I could not sleep; could not think properly. Day and night I walked up and down in the living quarters or lay on a bunk smoking, waiting." A keeper from the lighthouse said at the time of Prowse's deliverance: "The sea was particularly noisy and it was the weather to upset anyone not used to lighthouses. Prowse never went to the roof at all. Apart from cooking one meal, he just lay on his bunk for the five days and nights."

Prowse was taken off the lighthouse by means of a bowline. On being tied to the rope he was lowered 30 ft. from the landing platform, and this he found one of the most frightening experiences of all. A few minutes later Larry Semmens, an eighteen-year-old ex-sailor, was taken up into the lighthouse to start the work which Prowse could not tackle. "It should be a bit of cake," he said as he greeted the keeper. Semmens will receive £44 for the work, and Prowse is being paid for his five workless days on the rock. "I hope the doctor will give me a certificate to say I must not work on lighthouses any more," were Prowse's parting words.

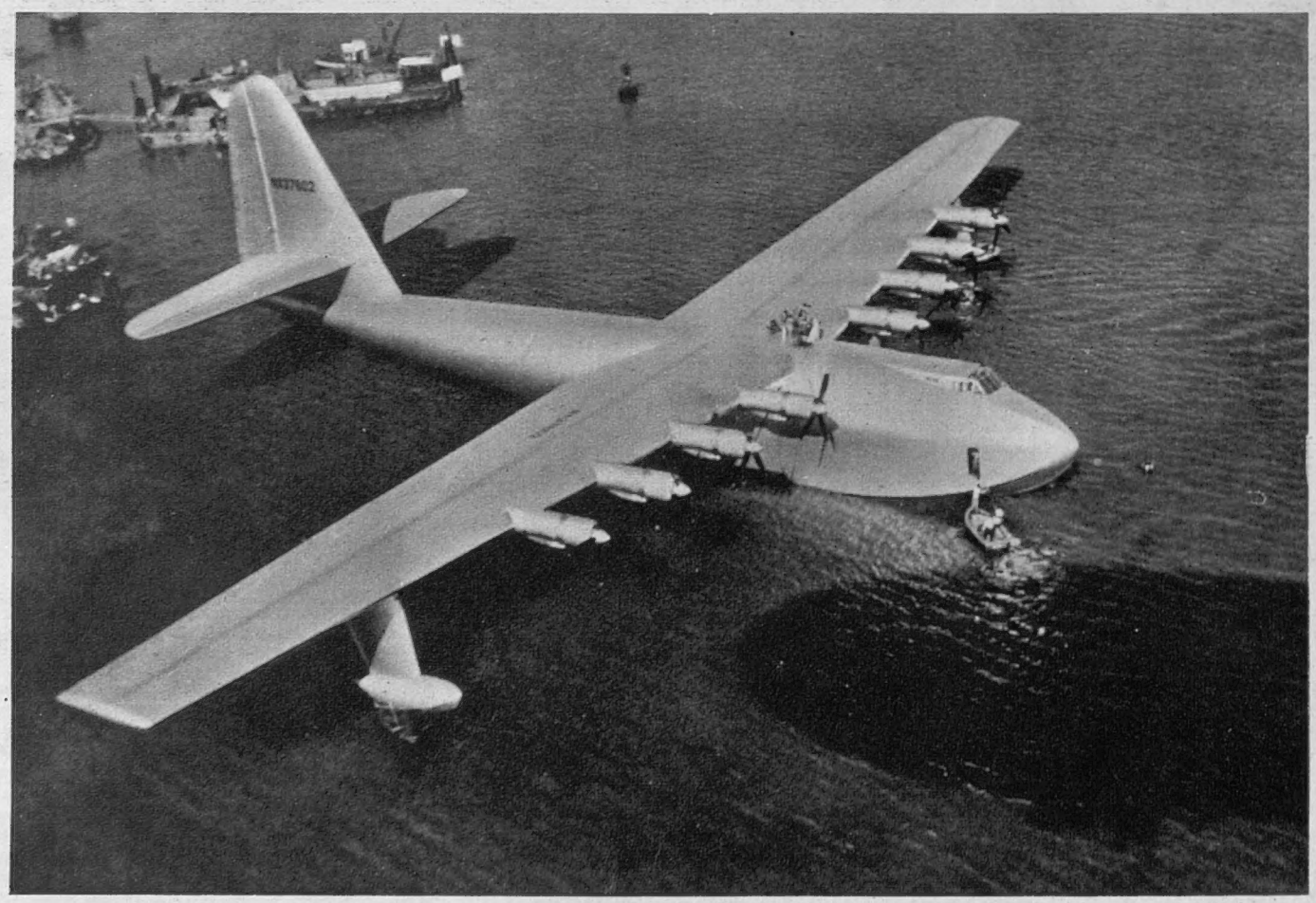
b

WHILE CALIFORNIA WATCHED, WAITED AND WONDERED : "Hercules," the world's largest flying-boat, built by the Hughes Aircraft Company at Culver City, California, and assembled in dry-dock at Long Beach, seen after it had emerged from the dock and was ready to start taxi-ing trials. Ever since the plane was put into production by Howard Hughes, who planned the *Hercules* as a U-boat hunter, there has been a storm of controversy about the Clipper, but when it emerged last week and, with Hughes at the controls, actually took the air, criticism was temporarily silenced. At the beginning of this year the *Hercules* had cost over £5,000,000, and bills have been mounting ever since

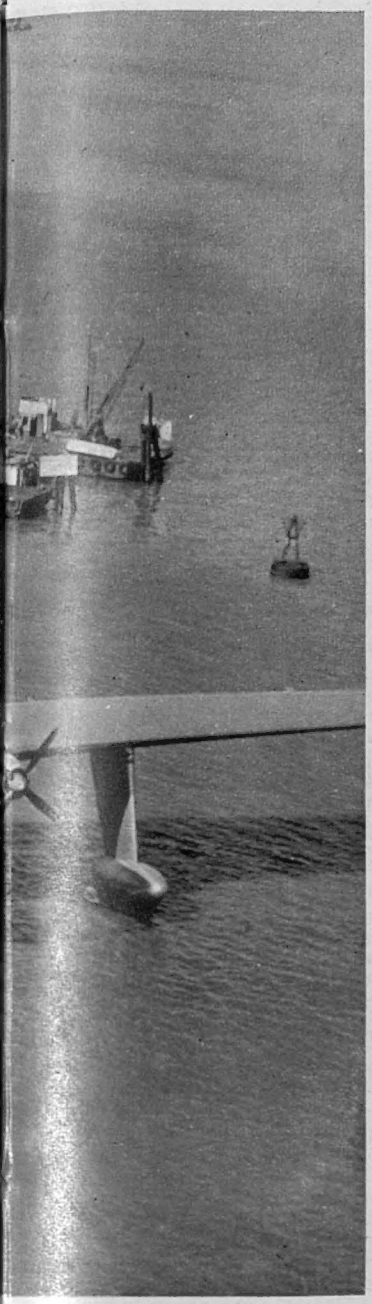
"HERCULES" RISES TO THE OCCASION

The World's Largest Flying-Boat at Long Last Takes the Air

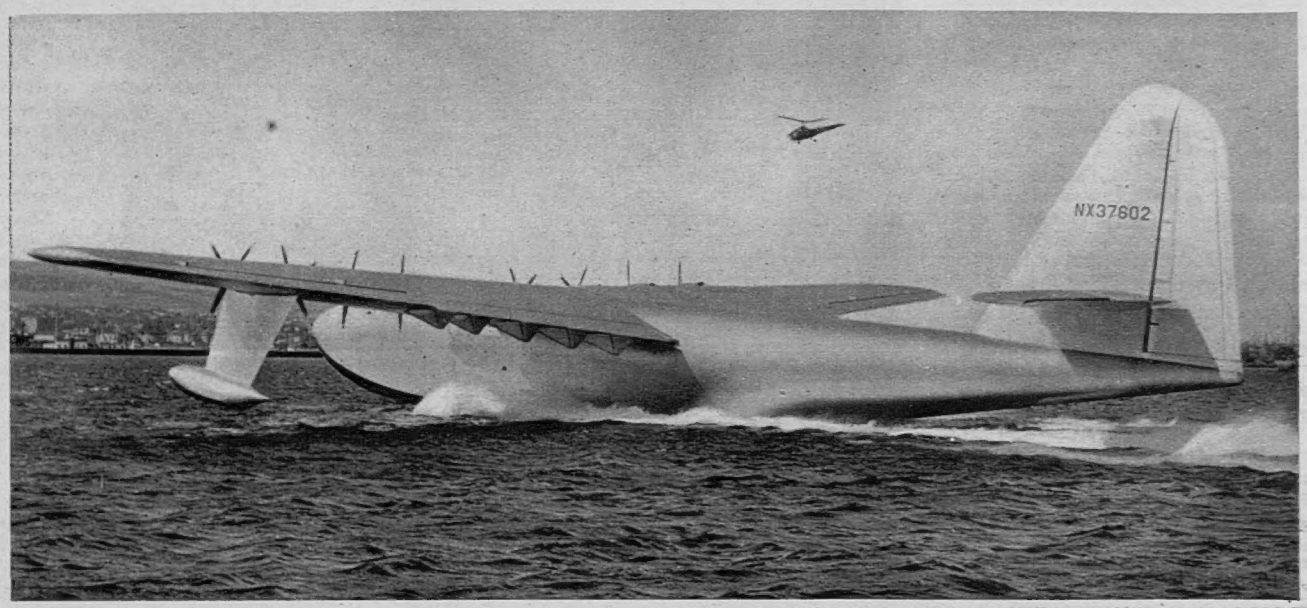
When Chairman Owen Brewster of the Senate War Investigating Committee recently started his inquiry into the war contracts of Howard Hughes, the Californian millionaire film magnate and aviation pioneer, there were people in America who firmly held the belief that the *Hercules*, the flying-boat started in 1942 to help beat the U-boats, would never fly. They have now been proved wrong, and when the *Hercules* taxied across Los Angeles Harbour, rose to a height of 70 ft. and remained airborne for half a mile, the public declared emphatically enough that Howard Hughes and *Hercules* had definitely won the first round. There are still a lot of questions to answer, however, and Mr. Brewster has still to satisfy himself about the bevies of girls alleged to have been hired by Hughes' agent for the entertainment of members of the military and political hierarchy. He has still to make sure that *Hercules* has not been launched in a veritable sea of champagne



AT ANCHOR IN LOS ANGELES HARBOUR : This view of the world's largest flying-boat was taken from a dirigible, the shadow of which is cast on the waters in front and to the right of the Clipper. The eight motors of "Hercules" provide a total of 83,000 h.p.



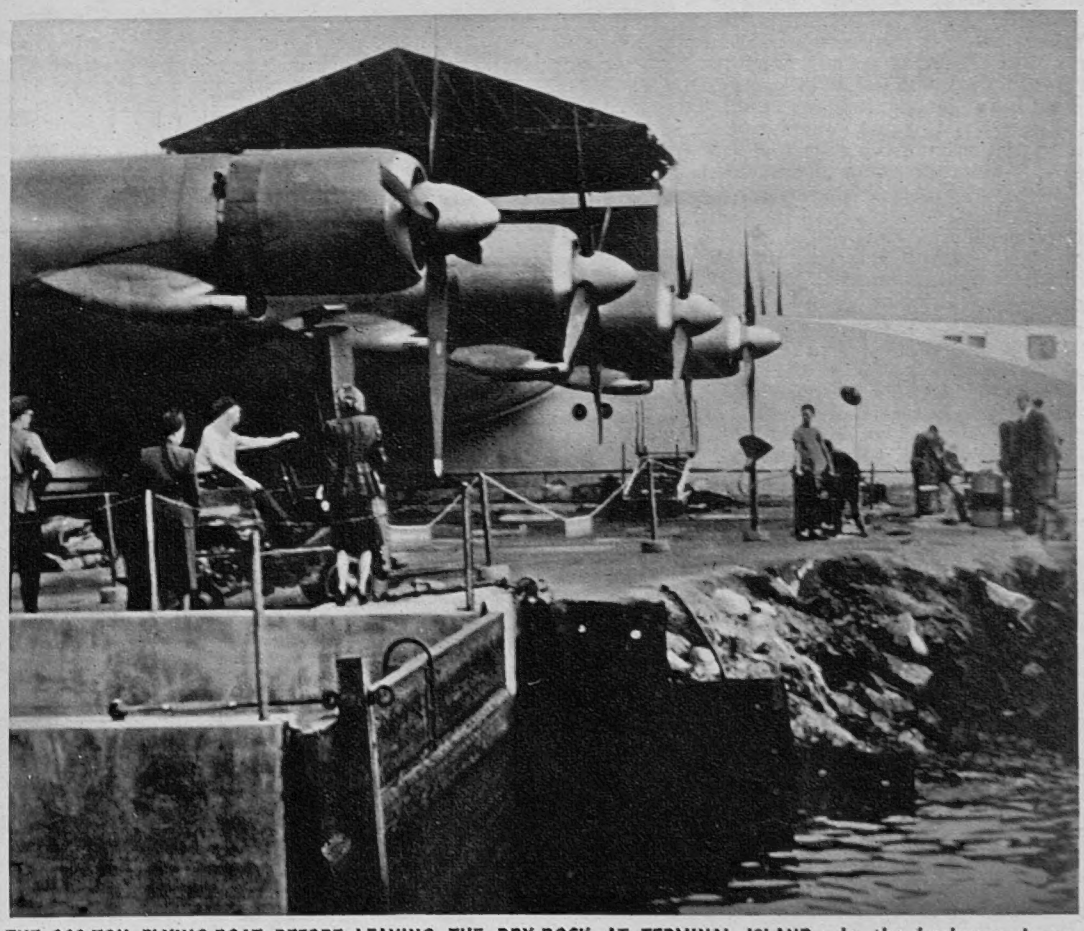
WITH HOWARD HUGHES AT THE CONTROLS, THE "HERCULES" ROSE GRACEFULLY ABOVE LOS ANGELES HARBOUR: The monster flying-boat was undergoing taxi-ing trials, and when these are completed it will carry out a series of air tests. It is usual for aircraft to leave the water for a few moments during the taxi-ing trials, but the half-mile flight of the "Hercules" at a speed of 95 m.p.h. was the first indication that all was well with the much-publicised giant



"HERCULES" HITS THE WATER FOLLOWING THE FIRST FLIGHT OF HALF A MILE: The eight-engined aircraft slowing down after making a graceful descent. Hovering overhead is a helicopter which, together with a dirigible, provided the vantage-point for photographers recording the taxi-ing trials. When the "Hercules" was completed at Culver City she was so large that the components had to be taken by road to Terminal Island for assembly in a special dry-dock. She can take 700 passengers

HOWARD HUGHES FACES THE PRESS AND THE BROADCAST NEWSMEN: The millionaire creator of "Hercules" is asked to say a few words after taking the controls of the world's largest flying-boat. Mr. Hughes has only lately recovered from a serious flying accident

THE FORWARD FLYING DECK OF "HERCULES": An interior view of the control cabin showing Howard Hughes standing in the centre near the pilot's seat



THE 200-TON FLYING-BOAT BEFORE LEAVING THE DRY-DOCK AT TERMINAL ISLAND: In the background can be seen some of the steel tubular scaffolding built over the machine during the final stages of assembly. Over this scaffolding was spread 77,450 square feet of costly flame-proofed canvas

CZECHOSLOVAKIA: A NATION IN A QUANDARY

At the Moment She is on Both Sides of the "Iron Curtain," but the Kremlin Influence is Strong

By FERDINAND TUOHY

SIGNS are not lacking that the next Communist campaign to seize complete power will have Czechoslovakia as its setting, and that events shall decide whether it is to be a swiftly-worked-up affair or a gradual turning-on of the heat, culminating in the usual faked elections—in this case due next May.

The Czechs and Slovaks don't like two things. They don't like being called a bridge between East and West—a subsidiary, also a dangerous thing, a bridge. And they are quite right in protesting that they are not behind any "Iron Curtain."

I could go to-morrow to Prague, which is proof of the latter (at least, I could before writing this article). I could buy all kinds of newspapers and books there, see a variety of foreign films, which is more proof. I could hear judges who lend no ear to ideologies, which is the best proof of the lot; better even than hearing Parliamentary debate in Western style.

Czechs and Slovaks are quite right in saying they are not behind the "Iron Curtain," and this is at the bottom of the whole business: Premier Klement Gottwald, delegate of the Kremlin Politburo, is out to drag them behind it before the tide runs more strongly against Communism elsewhere—a process which could only stiffen all to whom Soviet totalitarianism is repugnant, and attract many other citizens who, hesitant, have looked nostalgically westward.

The intention to sap and break up the other parties forming the National Front—chiefly the Czech Socialists and the Social Democrats—became more sharply defined when so much of the nation took most unkindly to being included in the Belgrade Cominform, and since the Czech Socialists, second largest party, called a meeting with other European Socialists—French, British, Italian, Polish, and, especially, German—to take place in Prague from November 14 to 16.

The latter development indicated fight, so Premier Gottwald lost no time in starting the old routine. His Communists hold 114 of the 300 seats. He intends they shall have at least 151 seats, absolute majority which, he says, "is necessary in the interests of the Czechoslovak people and State, and is likely and possible." His Communists are weakest in Slovakia, Catholic, far end of the country, protruding into Soviet territory, so the heat has been turned on there first. Slovak regional Ministers and M.P.s are being forced to resign after discovery of the customary "plots," "conspiracies," and "treason."

Next for the heat look like being the Social Democrats, but with them it should be more plain sailing. Their leader, ex-Premier Fierlinger, is a pro-Communist, and in all likelihood the Party will break in two, one lot siding openly with Gottwald, and a second lot joining with the Czech Socialists—rather, as many as are left in circulation. For, speaking on the twenty-ninth anniversary of independence, Gottwald let fall the ominous remark: "An important step will be the elimination of reactionary tendencies in the other parties by their loyal followers."

This portends the same kind of thing that sent Nagy and Mikolajczyk skipping, so we see the stage pretty well set in the case of Prague, as it was in Budapest, Warsaw and Bucarest. Czechoslovakia has been the only country where the Communists have deemed it prudent or necessary to keep within the bounds of legality. But Premier Gottwald finds that co-operation with other parties hampers him badly. So down with legality!

For their final fight with the Czech Socialists, the Communists have taken every care to be well entrenched. In a recent article I listed seven "musts" which have to be attained by Communist parties before the Politburo sanctions and supports their going into final combat. In the case of Czechoslovakia, the Communists hold the all-important Ministry of the Interior, and have command of the armed forces through a Communist Chief of the Staff, General Svoboda. They also have a Communist-controlled majority in Parliament.

Four "musts" remain to be attained. Premier Gottwald has yet to secure (*a*) control of the law courts; (*b*) a Cabinet composed of Communists and men willing or forced to do as they are told; (*c*) a Communist censorship of the Press; and (*d*) he has so to intimidate non-Communist parties that they no longer dare hold public meetings. The urge to complete the seven must be the greater inasmuch as it is highly probable that Moscow wants Czechoslovakia all tied up quickly so as to balance recent setbacks in France, Denmark and the West, generally.

But what about this fine first flower of World War I, Czechoslovakian democracy founded in the White House in 1918 by the great Masaryk? Can it withstand the ultimate pressure on what is left of its independence? Does it want to do so?

I imagine it to be a case of a nation in a quandary. Pulled eastwards, pulled westwards by its own emotions, by its efforts at self-preservation. A nation that wants to team along with Russia for two very definite reasons: because it is Slavonic, and because it will never forget being thrown to the wolves at Munich; yet which so wants to remain the best of friends with the West for material, cultural and spiritual reasons . . . for auld lang syne.

Jan Masaryk voiced the latter feeling when, upon being stopped from accepting the Marshall proposition, he wished the best of luck to all those participating in it. Any number of his compatriots think as he does, not only because they realise that Eastern Europe can never recover without Western Europe, and vice versa, but from sheer attraction to, and liking for, the ways and peoples of the West. In America they call Czechoslovakia "the captive" of the Soviet Union, and it is the *mot juste*.

When Dr. Benes made haste to sign a treaty with Stalin in 1945 he did so with a different Russia—on the surface, at any rate—from the one that has since bestrode colossally. He must be as taken aback as anybody. What he did was natural enough in a Slav statesman; indeed, we were all for Russia then. Who could ever have foreseen that in less than three years Russia would be reaching out for Czechoslovakia and outflanking Austria, even as Hitler reached out for Austria in order to outflank Czechoslovakia?

Probably the decisive factor was when the American troops had to clear out of the country, leaving the Red Army in possession for several months during which the Czech Communists benefited to the full and succeeded in fastening their creed on a notable section of the people, particularly the young. From that day the Liberal Democracy of which Benes had dreamed, trading east and west, with hands outstretched east and west (but relying for defence on the great Russian fighting machine), began to fade away.

Yet the Americans are right next door still, and exerting an influence and pull out of all proportion to the size of the First Division which covers the Czech frontier and much else besides. Down there, the other day, I listened to stories of difficulties in getting to Prague; nevertheless, the capital has more American visitors than arrivals from all other countries combined, starting with Senators, Congressmen and businessmen. For one thing, Americans are almost the only people who can stand the prices.

Czechoslovakia has everything for the tourist or foreign visitor, comes second to Switzerland in such matters. Yet the country is far from being in the good health suggested at first sight, and this adds to the quandary in which the Czechs find themselves. They cannot get from Russia the things they must have to keep their industry turning in order to allow them to export sufficiently. They want steel, machine tools, raw materials (especially cotton), agricultural machinery, industrial equipment of all kinds.

Russia offers grain to meet a very bad drought, but not nearly enough, and it riles the Czechs to see more go to Balkan satellites than is allotted to themselves. Russia has little else to offer at present, and even gets the Czechs to make big loans (for them) to the self-same Balkan satellites.

The Czechs used to get much of their machinery and goods from Germany; now they are faced with buying them from America, and they are running out of dollars (not much hope of getting what they require from us, apparently).

The Czechs are realising that their quick recovery would have been quite impossible without U.N.R.R.A., and now they have lost that too. And their miners are going slow; and a serious shortage of labour, industrial as well as agricultural, has been created by the removal of 3,000,000 Sudeten Germans. At the last, scores of thousands of the more skilled Germans are being held back. Still, the Czechs do not regret what they did in this respect, even if it injures them severely. They say the air feels cleaner and healthier.

What with the drought and the absent Germans, inability to buy basic foodstuffs from America and failure to get them anywhere else (save some grain from Russia), and the exit of U.N.R.R.A., the Czechs face a real food shortage, for all their cream cakes and *delikatessen* in the windows. They even announce that their rations will be less than in West Germany, which I hardly can believe! However, it is no longer the bright and toiling, happy and confident country of speedy recovery such as we have heard tell of so freely in the past two years.

I repeat—it is a country in a quandary, and not a nice one like Robert Benchley's, but an excessively difficult and wearing case. The East versus West controversy bids fair to dominate this winter. Premier Gottwald does his best to fan it by constantly harping on that sore point, "the Munichites." But he is less successful when he tells his compatriots how proud they are to be in "the front of progress" against the Anglo-American warmongering imperialists. Most hard-headed Czechs know that sort of talk to be bosh. There survives a strong admiration for, and sympathy with, ourselves. And the Americans are missed all along the line.

I suppose Czechs harbour only one real fear with respect to the Americans: that they will build up a strong West Germany capable of making grim new trouble for Czechoslovakia in some future day. By contrast, Russia gives rise to anxiety after anxiety.

Apart from the crowning prospect of being hauled into the sub-western Soviet system and mentality, what if another Russo-German pact came to be signed? Quite on the cards, and where would Czechoslovakia come in then? Where will she be when the Balkan satellites are industrialised.

And all the time the gnawing knowledge of having surrendered foreign policy to Moscow, of being unable to take the hand proffered from the West!

Will the Americans "write off" Czechoslovakia as lost alongside Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia? That is yet another wearing worry. The whole atmosphere is one of debilitating uncertainty.

PHYSICALLY PRAGUE SURVIVED THE WAR INTACT: A view from the steps of the National Museum overlooking the busy Vagslavske Namesti, one of the main thoroughfares of the Czech capital

THE OLD CASTLE STAIRS: A picturesque aspect of Prague taken from near the Presidential Palace. During the days of the German occupation, when Heydrich was in power, Prague's people suffered much, but of all the capitals in Europe she is one of the least harmed by bomb and shell

INDUSTRIALISING SOUTHERN RHODESIA

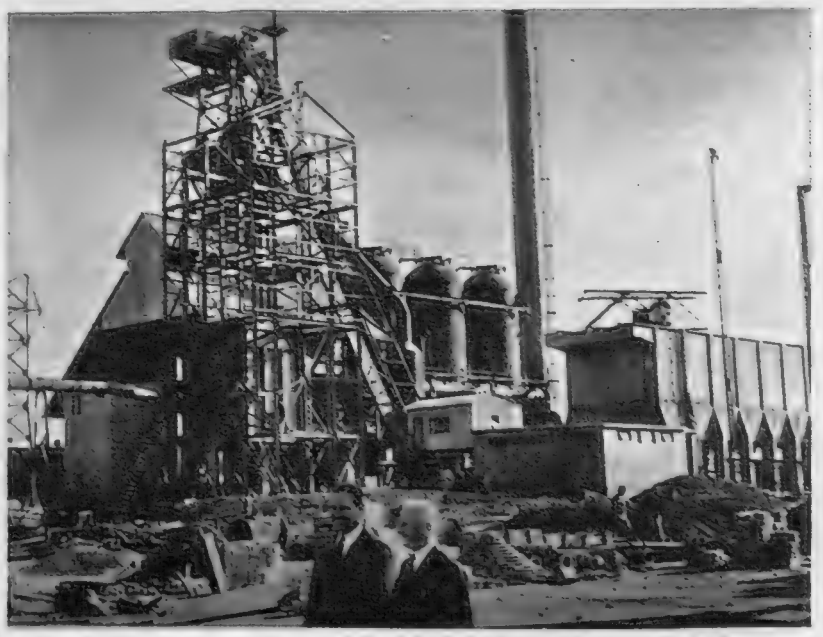
Harnessing the Zambesi to Provide Power for the New Steel Project

Cecil Rhodes, the founder of Rhodesia, pointed northwards from the Cape, making the historic pronouncement, "There is your hinterland." Rhodes, both statesman and mining man, knew full well the potentialities of Rhodesia, and now, forty-five years after his death, that country which he brought into being is on the verge of new and greater developments. The Wankie coalfields, the rich copper belt of the Haut Katanga, and the ores of Broken Hill are all playing their part in the expanding Rhodesian economy, but the latest scheme, under the joint auspices of the Northern and Southern Rhodesia Governments, may outstrip them all. The main plan is to build a dam across the waters of the Zambesi at the Kariba Gorge, and, in the opinion of Sir Miles Thomas, of the Nuffield organisation, who recently investigated the area, the resultant electrical power and the development of the ores lying near the gorge can help make "Southern Rhodesia one of the four main sources of world supply of the metal on which everything depends in peace or war—that is, high-grade steel." The pictures on this page were taken in the course of Sir Miles' recent tour of the Rhodesias, and show the country in the region of the Kariba Gorge, also the pioneer steelworks at Que Que

WHERE THE ZAMBESI FLOWS THROUGH THE KARIBA GORGE: An aerial view of the isolated country on the borders of Northern and Southern Rhodesia which has been chosen as the site for a giant new dam. This dam will be the means of providing the water power for a hydro-electric scheme, which will in turn provide the electrical power for a steel plant making use of the rich mineral deposits in the area

LANDING BY THE BANKS OF THE ZAMBESI: In this plane Sir Miles Thomas, colleague of Lord Nuffield, visited Kariba to investigate the dam site on behalf of the Governments of Northern and Southern Rhodesia

WINDING ITS WAY TO THE KARIBA GORGE: An aerial view of the Zambesi, dividing-line between the Rhodesias. The dam at Kariba will hold back 53,000,000 acre feet of water, and, in addition to providing power, will make possible the irrigation of a vast area



THE NEW STEEL PLANT AT QUE QUE IS ALMOST READY TO START PRODUCTION: Two views of the works, which will open early in 1948 and which is the forerunner of larger projects which will come into being following the completion of the Kariba Gorge Dam. Que Que lies on the main line between Bulawayo and Salisbury, and the district abounds in high-grade iron ore and also has rich gold deposits. It is nearly 200 miles due south of the Kariba Gorge

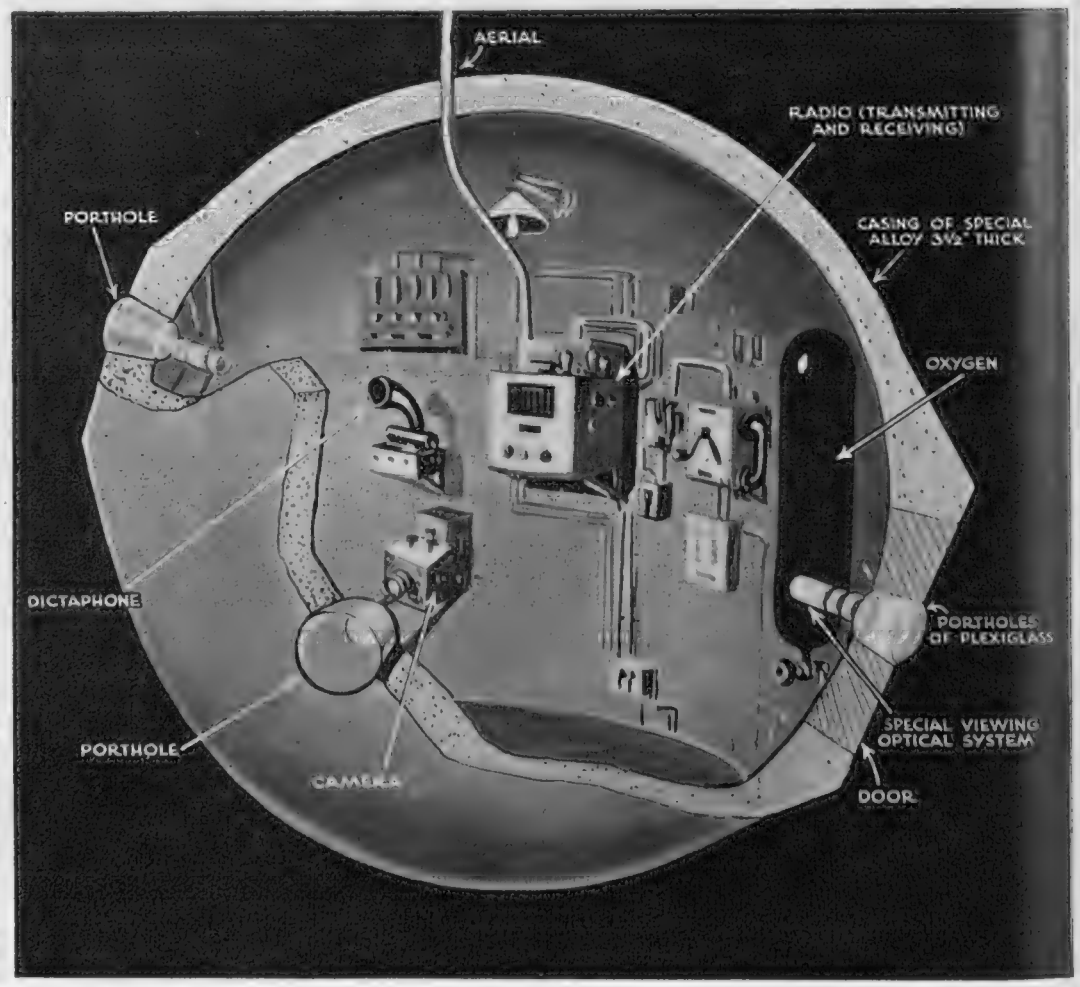
EXPLORING 13,000 FT. BENEATH THE OCEAN

Professor Piccard's Experiments with the Bathyscaphe off the African Coast

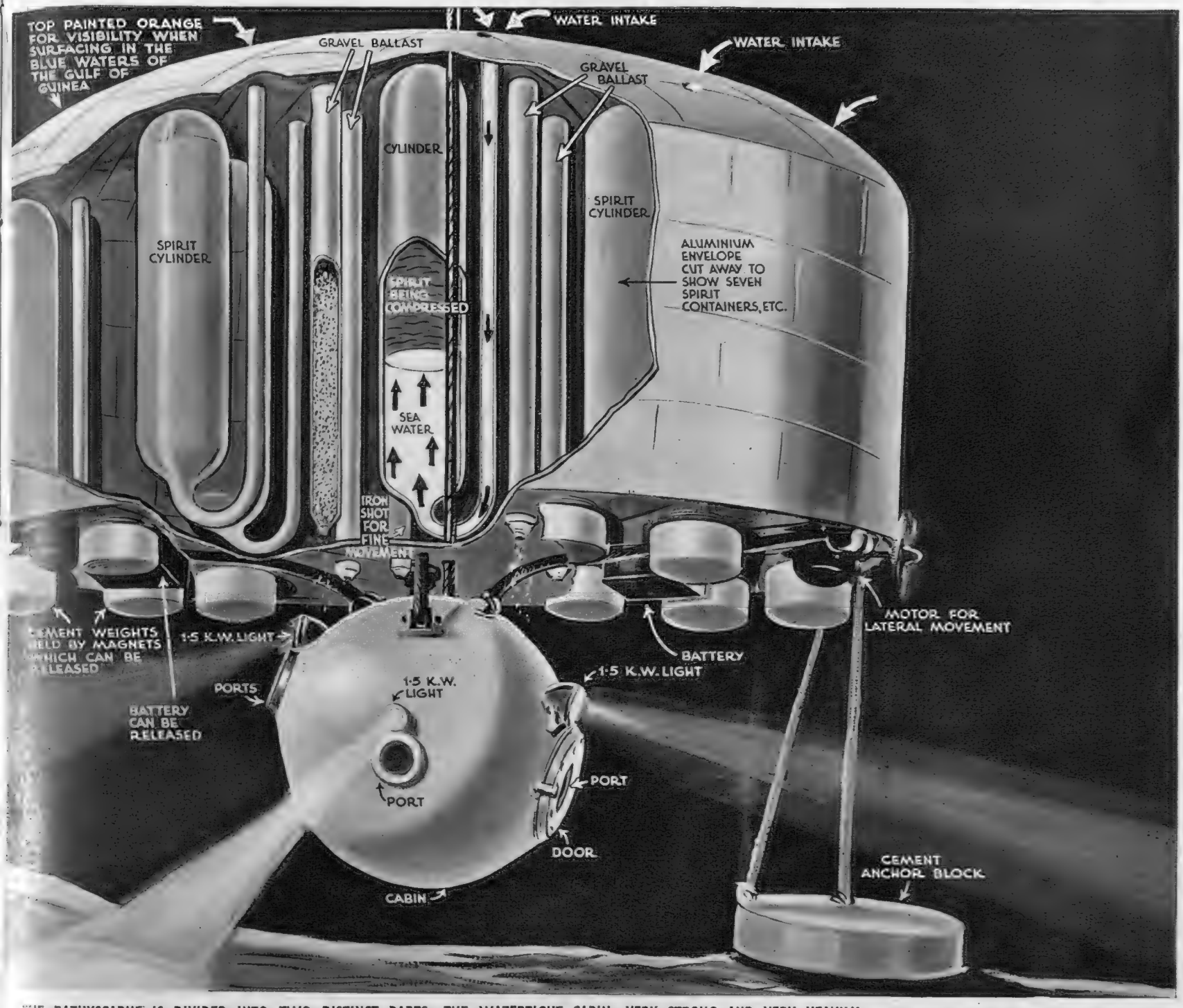
CONDITIONS LIKELY TO BE ENCOUNTERED BY THE BATHYSCAPHE ON ITS DESCENT BENEATH THE GULF OF GUINEA: A diagrammatic drawing illustrating some of the problems of submarine exploration. The total depth so far achieved is 3,395 ft. by Professor Beebe, of New York, in 1934. At that depth he was just beginning to enter the region of complete darkness. Beebe reported on his celebrated descent the existence of fish with luminous organs, enabling them to maintain contact with their species and hunt their prey. When Professor Piccard left for the Ivory Coast to start the present series of experiments he declared his intention of reaching 13,000 ft. The parent-ship *Scaldis*, lent to the Professor by the Belgian Government, has radar apparatus for keeping in touch with the bathyscaphe

PREPARING THE BATHYSCAPHE FOR ITS GREAT UNDER-WATER ADVENTURE: The submarine balloon being tested at the Court-St.-Etienne steel works, Belgium, before being shipped to the Gulf of Guinea, where Professor Piccard, of Brussels University, and Dr. Max Cosyns have selected their point of descent to the ocean depths. At the time of writing, the first news of their experiment is hourly expected

Ever since 1931 Professor Auguste Piccard has been a world figure. His ascents by balloon into the stratosphere with a view to investigating cosmic rays had a full measure of publicity in 1931, 1932 and 1934, and his flowing locks and professorial appearance captured public imagination. For the past two years the Professor and his colleague, Dr. Cosyns, who accompanied him on his second balloon ascent, have been engaged in developing the bathyscaphe, their intention being to reach the bed of the ocean off the Gulf of Guinea at a depth of 2½ miles. Before they left for the Ivory Coast in the parent-ship *Scaldis*, the adventurers declared that their first object is to study the disintegration of the sunlight in the depths. At 3,000 ft. they would need the help, they declared, of electric lamps fixed outside the balloon. Deeper still they would collect samples of the water, catch fish by means of their electro-magnetic harpoons, and observe the fauna in general through transparent plastic portholes



On right—**THE CONTROLS WITHIN THE BATHYSCAPHE: A sectional drawing of the sphere equipped by Professor Piccard for submarine observations.** Powerful headlights are placed on the outside of the cabin. The central axis of the rays will be about 7 ft. in front of the ports, enabling photographs of fish to be made against a dark background. For observing luminous fish complete darkness is necessary. The two portholes are diametrically opposite each other. The truncated cone windows are made of a material called Plexiglass, capable of resisting the immense under-water pressures. One porthole faces slightly downwards and one slightly upwards. Installed in the sphere is a dictaphone for the use of the observers, who will be in darkness for long periods at a time



THE BATHYSCAPHE IS DIVIDED INTO TWO DISTINCT PARTS, THE WATERTIGHT CABIN, VERY STRONG AND VERY HEAVILY BUILT TO STAND GREAT PRESSURE, AND THE FLOAT, COMPOSED OF A SERIES OF ALUMINIUM CHAMBERS FILLED WITH SPIRIT: The principle of operation is based on that of the free balloon. During a descent to the depths, the speed is reduced by the jettisoning of 400 lbs. of gravel ballast. When the cement anchor block (below on right) reaches the ocean bed, the sphere floats about 2 yards above and moves laterally with the aid of propellers attached to the reservoir. When the bathyscaphe is going up to the surface the pressure decreases and water is forced out of the reservoir by the expansion of the spirit in the reservoir cylinders. During the descent the spirit, of course, decreases in density and water is forced into the reservoir. It is for that reason that the reservoir plates are of lesser strength than the sphere casing. Concrete weights, held electro-magnetically, can be released for an emergency ascent

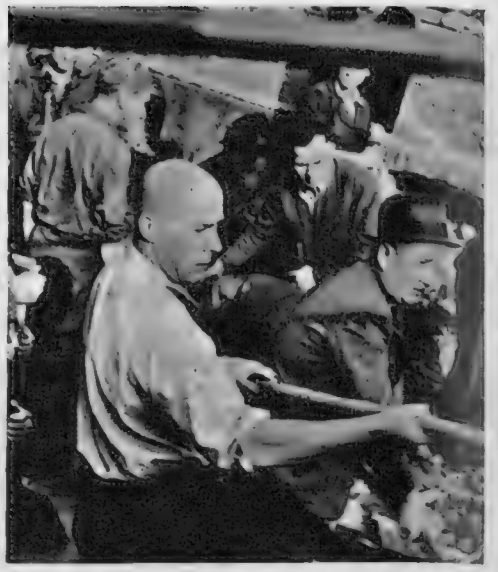
PROFESSOR PICCARD MAKES PLANS FOR HIS GREAT ADVENTURE: The scientist (right) at work on his bathyscaphe during its assembly at the Henricot steel works at Court-St.-Etienne, Belgium. The Professor calls his new submarine balloon the F.N.R.S.II. His stratosphere balloon with which he experimented in the early '30's was called the F.N.R.S., after the Belgian National Scientific Research Fund, which has financed both his ascents and descents

Professor Beebe, of the New York Zoological Society, made history in 1934 when with the engineer Barton he descended to a depth of 3,395 ft. beneath the ocean. For the purpose the explorers used a diving bell, a steel sphere 1½ yards in interior diameter and with walls about 1½ ins. thick. The bathysphere hung on a steel cable and could be lowered into the depths by a windlass. Beebe's bathysphere was nothing more than a captive balloon for submarine use. Now Professor Piccard, of Brussels University, has developed the idea of a submarine free balloon, and the result is his bathyscaphe illustrated on these pages. The fundamental problem in the construction of the bathyscaphe was making the cabin strong enough to stand up to great pressure. After intensive experiments at Brussels University, a cabin was finally evolved with a breaking point estimated at 9½ miles beneath the ocean surface. The cabin has a diameter of 5 ft. 6 ins., and to resist the heavy water-pressure of 2,100 lbs. to the square inch, it has been made of a special alloy which is 3½ ins. thick except round the portholes. The portholes are of a transparent plastic material 16 ins. in diameter outside and 4 ins. inside. The bathyscaphe would appear to have an ample margin of safety, but all sorts of problems are involved, not the least being the making of watertight joins in the structure. It is estimated that at a depth of 13,000 ft. a hole of one square millimetre in size would allow 22 pints of water a minute to rush into the cabin at a speed of 300 yards a second. The question of oxygen for the cabin is another vital problem, and, more important still, the carbonic acid gas produced by human breathing must be disposed of. For these problems Professor Piccard is using some of the equipment which served him so well in his first stratosphere balloon.

Before the first descent by the Professor and Dr. Cosyns it was arranged to hold a crewless test dive off the African coast. The depth of the water there is over 19,000 ft., and therefore these test dives could be made to one-and-a-half times the depth to which the explorers themselves would go

(Special "Sphere" Drawings by W. C. Ives)

FOUR GREEK GUERILLAS ARE EXECUTED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ATHENS: When this picture was taken an officer of the regular Greek Army was giving them the coup de grâce as they lay on a hillock where his firing-squad had despatched them. The men had been found guilty of taking part in a guerilla raid on the village of Philli, 13 miles north of Athens, and for killing a civilian. All four were convicted of murder, conspiracy and assisting Communist rebellion on the orders of their leader, General Markos. The General has lately been urging Communists in urban areas in Southern Greece to spread the rebellion, which has been continuing for so long in the north. The executed youths all came from the Athens suburb of Peristeri. On the left is Spyris Kondylis, who told the court that he was political instructor to the band. Lying across his body is the body of Pericles Diamandis, who supplied the band with arms which he had hidden during the time of the German occupation of Greece



THE PICK-AND-SHOVEL PREMIER: Mr. Cyrankiewicz, the Socialist Prime Minister of Poland, works with rolled-up sleeves when helping to remove rubble in the streets of Warsaw. The Premier was taking part in the special reconstruction drive when citizens were asked to clear rubble and load it into lorries in order to pave the way for the national reconstruction programme. Mr. Cyrankiewicz was Secretary-General of the Polish Socialist Party when he was called to the Premiership after the elections last summer

IN A WORLD DIVIDED

A Foreign Survey from Two Sides of the "Iron Curtain"

DR. GEORGE DONATH IS EXECUTED FOR CONSPIRING AGAINST THE HUNGARIAN REPUBLIC: The former Vice-President of the Government Party under the Kallay Ministry escorted into the prison yard at Budapest before the sentence of the People's Court was carried out. Donath up to the last moment did not believe that he would be executed, and he had hoped that foreign intervention would save his life. The Hungarian President refused his last-minute appeal for clemency. Donath at his trial pleaded not guilty "from a moral point of view," although acknowledging the charges made against him. He declared he believed essentially in the superiority of the Magyar race

SOME OF THE FORTY-SEVEN COMMUNISTS WHO RECENTLY FACED A FIRING-SQUAD IN NORTHERN GREECE: The Greek Regulars who carried out the execution are seen (left) standing at ease during the reading of the death sentences. Efthymis Pass (second from right), one of the doomed men, is seen with right hand raised as he attempted to lead his fellow-accused in a revolutionary song. They formed part of a terrorist band which operated in the region of Salonika. They were accused of carrying out several political assassinations, and these included an attack on a Greek Royal Air Force lorry. Three Greek officers lost their lives on that occasion. Members of the band are also said to have murdered in Salonika's Central Square the Prosecutor to the Military Court of Northern Greece

IT HAPPENED IN INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA: Montgomery Ostrander, Executive Director of the Eastern Pennsylvania Chapter of the Progressive Citizens of America, attempting to hoist the American flag before the start of a meeting which he had called to protest against the Washington Governmental Inquiry into Communism in Hollywood. As Ostrander hoisted the flag he was greeted with a chorus of jeers, for he sent "Old Glory" to the top of the pole in an upside-down position. Thirty-five minutes later the meeting was broken up in wild disorder. It had been sanctioned by the United States Circuit Court despite strong protests by the Philadelphia authorities

A SKIRMISH IN FRONT OF INDEPENDENCE HALL: Communists and anti-Communists in heated argument in Philadelphia during the meeting staged by the Progressive Citizens of America. Within a few yards from the spot where the meeting broke up in disorder the fathers of modern America signed their celebrated "declaration." The present Red scare in America is almost daily headline news, just as it was in the time of Calvin Coolidge shortly after the First World War. The American Communist Party has just announced that it has decided not to join the nine-nation Cominform, the new Communist organisation set up in Belgrade

"REPLANTING DAY" ON THE ISLAND OF WALCHEREN—THE PRINCESS REGENT OF THE NETHERLANDS AND THE PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN TAKE PART IN A SERIES OF IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES: *Left*—**Princess Juliana planting a tree at Flushing, and** (*right*) **Mr. and Mrs. Attlee with a Dutch girl at Westkapelle**

November 4 was "replanting day" on the Dutch island of Walcheren, and a day essentially of allied commemoration. On behalf of Great Britain Mr. and Mrs. Attlee visited Walcheren to assist the Princess Regent of the Netherlands and Prince Bernhard in the planting of the first of 1,500,000 trees. The final reclamation of the island, flooded when the R.A.F. breached the dykes in 1944, cannot be accomplished until trees grow again, and to further this end the Dutch have launched a nation-wide scheme by which individuals may, on payment of 5s., have their own tree planted on the island. The Princess Regent planted her tree in Bellamy Park, the scene of a French landing in 1940. At Westkapelle, scene of the landing by No. 4 Marine Commando Brigade, Mr. Attlee planted his tree. Dr. Beel, the Netherlands Premier, paid a tribute to the stoical understanding displayed by the inhabitants of Walcheren in never for one moment blaming the British for the terrible hardship inflicted on Westkapelle in the course of attaining ultimate victory

ANNOUNCING THE ANGLO-AMERICAN PLAN FOR GERMAN INDUSTRY: Major-General Hayes, Deputy Military Governor in the American Zone of Germany, addressing a conference in Berlin at which he discussed the dismantlement of factories. Dismantlement is already in progress, and is causing the deepest resentment throughout Germany. In the centre of this picture is Mr. Wilkinson, head of the American Economic Division

SIR BRIAN ROBERTSON DESCRIBES THE BRITISH PART IN THE DISMANTLEMENT PROGRAMME: The new British Commander-in-Chief in the British Zone outlining the plan which has caused such strong feelings among the German people. On his right hand is Sir Cecil Weir, Economic Adviser to the Control Commission, and on his left hand is Mr. W. Prentice, Deputy Chief of the Industrial Branch of the Control Commission. Of the 682 plants scheduled for dismantlement in Western Germany 302 of them are in the first category, having a definite connection with war production. So far fifteen plants have been dismantled, and a further ninety-nine are in course of being dealt with. When Lord Pakenham visited Dusseldorf to explain and justify the programme, he met with a chilly reception from industrialists. Meanwhile, Mr. Bevin has promised Germans in the future "a fair level of industrial output," recognising the State cannot exist by agriculture alone

A DOCUMENT THAT WILL SET 3,000 REFUGEES ON THE MARCH: Mr. C. J. Edmonds, Counsellor of the British Foreign Office, signing the Geneva Agreement covering the movement of displaced persons from the British Zone of Germany to the Netherlands. The immigrants will work in the Netherlands coal-mines and will receive the same rate of pay as Dutch workers. Dependants will be able to join them as soon as support is assured and housing available in the colliery districts. Standing second from right is Mr. M. A. Paulen, chief production engineer of the Netherlands State Mines. With him are members and executives of the Preparatory Commission for the International Refugee Organisation

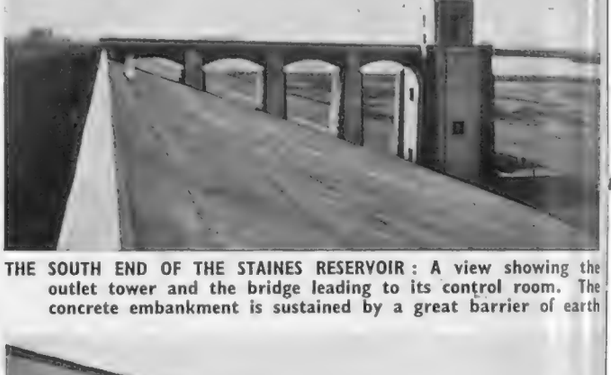
THE WIESBADEN CONFERENCE ON GERMAN DISMANTLEMENT: German leaders have the unsavoury task of tackling the disruption of their country's means of production. Seated on the right is Dr. Hans Ehardt, the Minister President of Bavaria, and next to him is Dr. Joseph Mueller, Bavaria's Deputy Minister President. Leaning between them is Dr. Semmler, Director of the Bi-Zonal Agency for Economics, and on Dr. Semmler's right is Dr. Koehler, President of the Bi-Zonal Council

THE NEW STAINES RESERVOIR, A MIGHTY PROJECT BROUGHT TO FRUITION—THE 350-ACRE KING GEORGE VI and will increase the gross capacity of water in reserve at Staines by over 130 per cent. From north to

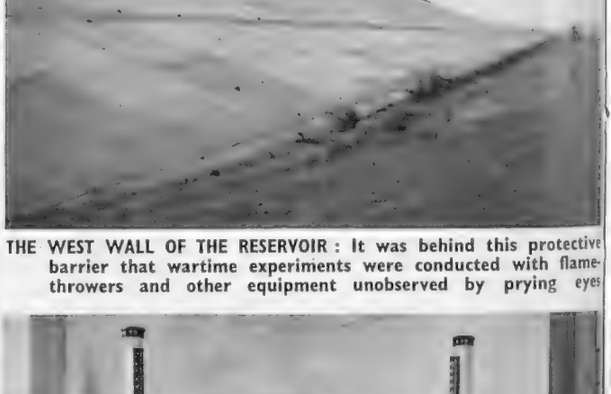
A RESERVOIR THE SIZE OF HYDE PARK

The Water Board's New Storage Area at Staines Will Provide London with Additional Reserves

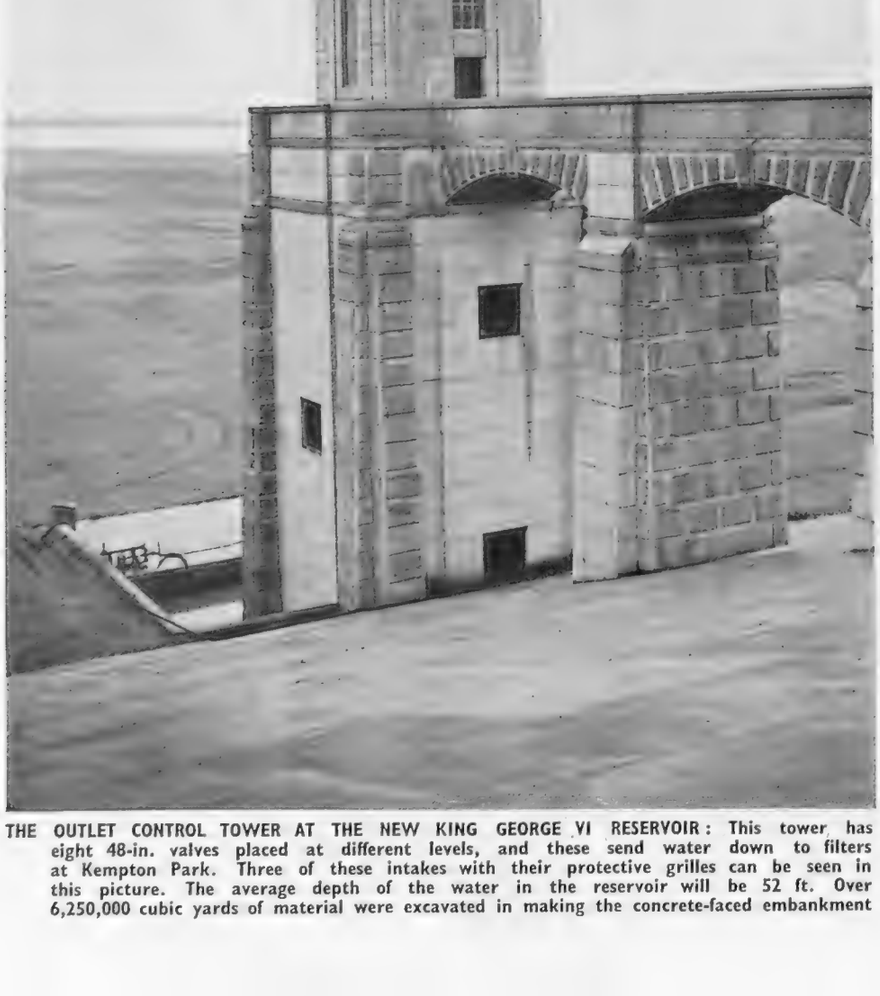
Two reservoirs were completed at Staines in 1902. They had a combined gross capacity of 3,338,000,000 gallons of water, and in the first years of the century they gave London a fair margin of reserve in times of drought. In the '30's the need for further storage was seen, and in 1937 a third Staines reservoir was planned by Sir Jonathan Davidson. The war interrupted the progress of the work, but it is now complete and will take an additional 4,466,000,000 gallons. This should now be ample to satisfy the Board's storage requirements. The reservoirs are filled during the period of high flow, and the flow is regulated through the pumping station situated to the east of Staines. During the war the more than half-completed reservoir served a valuable purpose as a testing-ground for equipment still on the secret list. The high embankment walls could not have provided a better screen for such operations



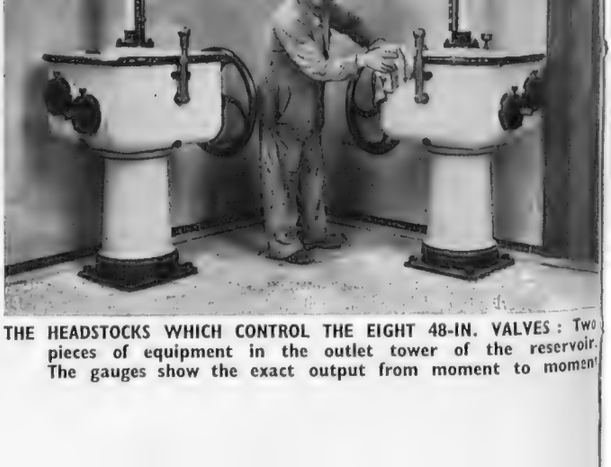
THE SOUTH END OF THE STAINES RESERVOIR: A view showing the outlet tower and the bridge leading to its control room. The concrete embankment is sustained by a great barrier of earth



THE WEST WALL OF THE RESERVOIR: It was behind this protective barrier that wartime experiments were conducted with flame-throwers and other equipment unobserved by prying eyes



THE OUTLET CONTROL TOWER AT THE NEW KING GEORGE VI RESERVOIR: This tower has eight 48-in. valves placed at different levels, and these send water down to filters at Kempton Park. Three of these intakes with their protective grilles can be seen in this picture. The average depth of the water in the reservoir will be 52 ft. Over 6,250,000 cubic yards of material were excavated in making the concrete-faced embankment



THE HEADSTOCKS WHICH CONTROL THE EIGHT 48-IN. VALVES: Two pieces of equipment in the outlet tower of the reservoir. The gauges show the exact output from moment to moment

RESERVOIR BUILT FOR THE METROPOLITAN WATER BOARD AND OPENED LAST WEEK BY THE KING: The reservoir will hold 4,466,000,000 gallons of water, south the new reservoir is 2,037 yards long and its width varies from 722 to 962 yards. The area of the water surface will be the same as the area of Hyde Park

OVERLOOKING THE TOWN OF STAINES—A VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE RESERVOIR EMBANKMENT: The distance round the top of the embankment is more than 3½ miles. It was in July 1937 that the tender of John Mowlem and Co., Limited, for the building of the reservoir at a cost of £1,292,000 was accepted, and work began the next year. Rapid progress was made up to the outbreak of the war, by which time 73 per cent. of the value of the whole contract had been completed, with only 58 per cent. of the contract time elapsed. Operations were continued throughout the war, though at a greatly reduced rate

THE 82-IN. AUTOMATIC REFLUX VALVE AT THE NORTH END OF THE RESERVOIR: This was opened for the first time when the King visited the site last week. The water at Staines is taken from the Thames at Bell Weir, Wraysbury, and it is carried to Staines partly by aqueduct and partly along steel mains

PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE HEADWALL: Shuttering in position during the last stages of cementation along the 3½-mile perimeter of the reservoir. The headwall is shaped in such a way that waves are thrown back

BRITAIN'S CHURCHES HAVE URGENT BUILDING PROBLEMS

Many are In Need of Repair, and More Than One Great Cathedral Has Yet to be Completed

DECAY IN THE ROOF OF A SAXON CHURCH—A RECENT DISCOVERY AT ST. HELEN'S, HANGLETON, SUSSEX: Some falling plaster in this ancient church has revealed the woodwork to be in a deplorable condition, and it is considered likely that the whole roof may collapse. The Diocesan Surveyor has estimated that £2,500 will be needed in order to re-roof the church

THE INTERIOR OF HANGLETON'S SAXON CHURCH, FOR WHICH AN APPEAL IS NOW BEING MADE: The little church of St. Helen's is situated on the fringe of the Sussex Downs

ST. NICOLAS, PORTSLADE, IS ALSO FACED WITH THE PROBLEM OF DECAY: An interior view of the twelfth-century church near Brighton, which, in common with the Saxon church at Hangleton, has a seriously dilapidated roof

THE TWELFTH-CENTURY CHURCH OF ST. NICOLAS, PORTSLADE: In the twelfth century, the style of architecture became more ornamental, and the doorways were more highly decorated. These are the only marked points of difference between the churches of Hangleton and Portslade

Recently, many parishes have been faced with considerable expenditure on repairs and reconditioning of their churches and halls caused by decay, which during the war years was allowed to spread owing to the lack of necessary materials and the absence of responsible persons on active service. The United Benefice of Hangleton and Portslade is now trying to raise over £3,000 to repair the two ancient churches of St. Helen's and St. Nicolas, which are in bad condition. It is possible that the entire roof of Hangleton's Saxon church may collapse, and the Diocesan Surveyor has estimated that £2,500 will be needed to re-roof the church. At Portslade, it was found that another sum of £500 must be spent immediately on retiling one slope of the roof of St. Nicolas, where the hand-made tiles have all perished, and repointing the Horsham slab slope of the nave to prevent the stones from being split open through frost

On left—
WEOBLY ONCE SENT TWO MEMBERS TO PARLIAMENT: A century ago this sleepy Herefordshire town had a population of nearly 1,000; to-day the population has shrunk to fewer than 600, and it is just a busy little shopping centre for the neighbouring villages and hamlets, and a holiday attraction for those who love the Herefordshire countryside and the charm of its picturesque "Black and White" seventeenth and eighteenth-century houses. Some of these timbered houses are seen in the picture, with the tower of SS. Peter and Paul in the background. The church is of Norman style with a little twelfth-century work remaining, including the south door, but the entire building was not completed until the fifteenth century. The chancel, mid-thirteenth century, is unusually spacious, while the tower, built in 1330, and the spire, which is of about the same date, are regarded by many as the finest in the country. Weobley has always been famed for its brand of cider, and in the days of its chief prosperity it was a glove-making centre

LOOKING TOWARDS THE ALTAR OF ST. MARY-LE-STRAND—A VIEW SHOWING THE SCAFFOLDING ERECTED AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHANCEL IN CONNECTION WITH THE RESTORATION : Although it escaped serious bomb damage, the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, just a few yards from the shell of St. Clement's, has suffered from rain-water entering the damaged roof, and the ceiling of the nave is now in a poor condition. Preparations have been made for a full programme of repairs, and a £5,000 appeal has been launched

THE POSITION OF ST. MARY-LE-STRAND, NEAR TO THE CITY BOUNDARY AND ST. CLEMENT DANES, FOR WHICH A £5,000 APPEAL HAS JUST BEEN LAUNCHED : In the tenth year of the reign of Queen Anne, an Act was passed whereby fifty churches were to have been built. Ten only were completed; St. Mary-le-Strand was one of these and it was consecrated on January 1, 1723. James Gibbs was the architect and the design was his first commission after his return from the study of architecture in Italy. He was later responsible for the design of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and Radcliffe Library, Oxford. The church is built of Portland stone and cost £16,341 1s. 2d. It is said that "In this church, Prince Charles, 'The Young Pretender,' in 1750 renounced the Catholic faith and professed his belief in Protestantism." The earliest reference found to a church in the parish was in 1147, when it was called "The Nativity of Our Lady and the Innocents of the Strand." Thomas à Becket was once lay rector of the parish

On left—

AN ACT OF THANKSGIVING BY A SMALL COMMUNITY FOR PRESERVATION FROM DESTRUCTION DURING THE WAR—A COMMEMORATIVE WINDOW DEDICATED AT THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY MAGDALENE, COWDEN, KENT : The left panel of the window is designed to show St. Bridget, representing all women, St. Nicolas to represent all those who went down to the sea in ships, and St. Walstan as representing the workers on the land. The right panel is of St. George, representing the Army, Royal Air Force, and all other military services. The window has been designed by Mr. Warren Wilson, A.R.C.A., and has just been dedicated by the Bishop of Rochester

On right—

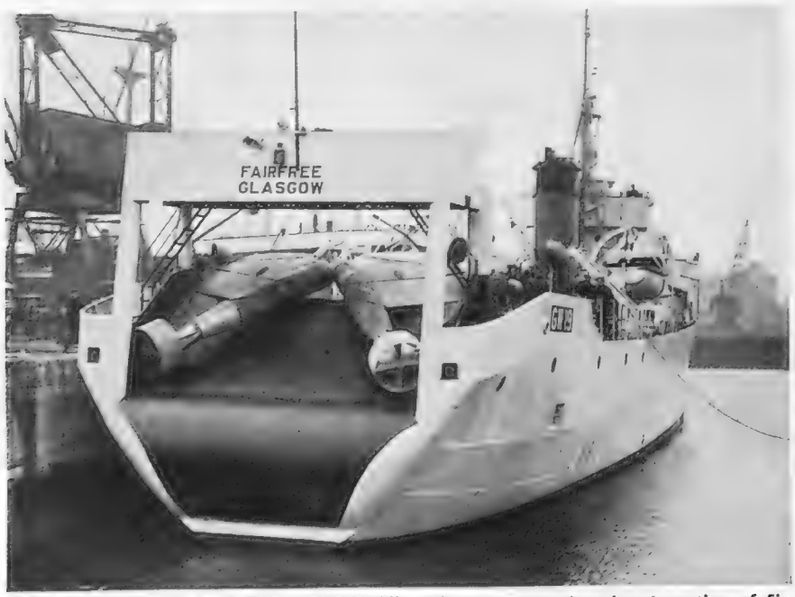
LOOKING TOWARDS THE HIGH ALTAR IN THE STILL-UNFINISHED ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL IN LIVERPOOL : Progress is still being made on the work started early in the century, but much remains to be done before the Cathedral, designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, is completely finished. Liverpool Cathedral is unique in that it is the only Cathedral to be designed by one architect. When it is completed it will be one of the three or four largest in the world.

A FISHING VESSEL WHICH CARRIES ITS OWN REFRIGERATION PLANT: The 1,500-ton converted minesweeper "Fairfree," of Glasgow, ready to put to sea with storage space for 150 tons of fish

FLOATING DOCKS AND A FLOATING REFRIGERATOR

Sir C. Dennistoun Burney's Invention for Freezing Fish "on board": A New Method of Loading a Barge: Floating Docks in England and Malta

Commander Sir Charles Dennistoun Burney, who was responsible for the design and construction of British Airship *R* 100 and who invented the paravane, has turned his attention to one of the problems of the fishing industry. His latest invention is a quick-freezing refrigeration plant, which will enable the fish to be frozen immediately after they have been caught and filleted. The plant will operate in the roughest weather. Trawlers fitted with the refrigerator can stay at sea for any length of time and still return their fish to port in as fresh condition as when they were caught. The invention may prove one of Sir Charles' most important, with fish, particularly herring, supplying an ever-increasing proportion of European diet. October catches this year were disappointing, but towards the end of the month, with the changing state of the moon, conditions improved and by the beginning of this month record catches for the season were being recorded. One trawler returned to Lowestoft with over 100 crans worth, at present prices, nearly £500. A cran is 37½ gallons of fresh herrings, representing approximately 1,000 fish. The new invention would permit trawlers to remain at sea until their holds were fully loaded, thus saving time and increasing the haul per boat.



THE CUT-AWAY STERN OF THE "FAIRFREE": The paravanes (another invention of Sir Charles Dennistoun Burney, who invented the refrigeration plant) are used in a peace-time capacity for spreading out the fishing nets

A GERMAN FLOATING DOCK AS PART OF GERMANY'S WAR REPARATIONS TO GREAT BRITAIN: The dock arriving at Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire's shipbuilding centre. Two sea-going tugs towed the great floating dock from Germany to England, taking about two weeks for the trip. The dock is modern in design, being all electrically operated and having a lifting power of 9,000 tons. England's shipping industry is working at near capacity, and the floating dock is a small but important factor to set against the mounting cost of maintaining Germany

A NEW WAY TO LOAD AND UNLOAD TUGS ON TO A BARGE: First stage: The barge is submerged in a dry-dock. Note the specially prepared cradles upon which the tugs, with which the barge is to be loaded, are to rest

THE SECOND STAGE: The tugs are floated above the barge and the barge raised in the dry-dock so that the tugs rest in the cradles, to which they will be lashed, before their long journey via the Panama Canal

THE THIRD STAGE: The barge is now raised clear of the water with its load of six tugs safely aboard. The barge will be unloaded in a similar fashion

THE JOURNEY BEGINS: The tug "Snowhomish" starts its long trip from Victoria, B.C., to Buenos Aires, with its load of six 170-ft. former U.S. Army tugs

An ingenious method of loading and unloading six 170-ft. former U.S. Army tugs was devised by the Island Tug and Barge Company of Victoria, in British Columbia. The tugs had to be delivered to new owners in Buenos Aires, where unloading facilities were inadequate. The loading took place at Todd dry-dock, Seattle, and occupied a day and a half. First the barge *Island Yarder* was fitted with specially prepared cradles to hold the tugs. It was then sunk in the dry-dock, and the tugs were floated above it. The barge was then raised so that the tugs rested in the cradles, to which they were then lashed. Towed by a veteran tug, the *Snowhomish*, the barge then set out on its long trip to the Argentine port. It is expected to take six months and will travel via the Panama Canal. When it arrives at Buenos Aires, the barge will be unloaded in a manner similar to its loading

MALTA'S GREAT FLOATING DOCK IS COMPLETED: The 50,000-ton structure, which was constructed in Bombay and divided into two sections for its 4,000-mile journey to Grand Harbour, Valetta, is now undergoing its trials. In the right foreground can be seen the aircraft-carrier "Triumph"

On March 20 of this year, the giant floating dock, which was constructed for the British Admiralty in Bombay, began its long journey to Malta. It had been divided into two sections to negotiate the Suez Canal and the towing operations were undertaken by seven powerful naval tugs—*Mediator*, *Reward*, *Freebooter*, *Marauder*, *Brigand*, *Encore* and *Hengist*. The tugs can attain speeds up to 15½ knots, but the operation was carried out at an average rate of about 5 knots. It was at one time rumoured that the Suez Canal would have to be closed for seven days while the dock was towed through it, but this proved to be unnecessary. *The Sphere* published a drawing of a section of the dock on April 19, and photographs of it first passing through the Suez Canal, then arriving at Valetta on May 17 and 24. Floating docks are playing an increasingly important role in naval strategy, often eliminating the need for ships to make long voyages to graving docks in their home ports. The two sections of the dock have now been united, and it is undergoing its sea trials, off Malta

A KENT BEAUTY SPOT IS IN DANGER: Dilapidated houses in St. Margaret's Bay. Local residents are divided as to whether to support the War Office plan to continue to use the place as a training site or to support those who wish to see the foreshore restored to public use and maintained at the public expense. In the meantime the war-damaged cottages are in danger of being washed away

HOME NEWS from SOUTHERN ENGLAND and WEST WALES

The War Office, the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, Kent County Council, and two Kentish District Councils are currently involved in land disputes. The most important of these is with regard to St. Margaret's Bay, where the sea defences are clearly in need of repair, but nothing is being done, as the War Office wish to continue using this once-popular pleasure resort as a training site. The matter is at present before Kent County Council, and it is of some urgency, as houses at the foot of the cliffs are falling into decay. In the north of the county there is another dispute owing to the War Office plan to utilise the Aylesford sand-pits as a demolition area for the Territorial Army. The sand-pits adjoin Aylesford's thirteenth-century church

THE COTTAGES OF ST. MARGARET'S BAY: If nothing is done for these war casualties they will soon be beyond repair and the sea may sweep in. Kent County Council is now considering the question

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR HELD UP BY THE "QUEEN MARY" STRIKE: The Duke and Duchess seen on arrival at Southampton after crossing the Channel from Paris. After spending one night in England they hoped to sail for the United States in the *Queen Mary*, but members of the crew came out in sympathy with the Mersey strikers and the great liner remained in dock. The Duke and Duchess arrived in the course of one of the dock meetings, and they were cheered by the strikers as they went aboard. Following a spring and early summer stay on the Riviera, the Duke and Duchess have spent the last few months at their Paris home. The Duke will not be in England at the time of the Royal wedding

THE DRAMATIC ESCAPE OF THE POLISH OPPOSITION LEADER: Mr. Mikolajczyk (right), who was Vice-Premier of Poland until the last elections, seen with his son Marjan at their home in Kenton, Middlesex. Mr. Mikolajczyk was compelled to leave Poland owing to the alarming increases in terrorism, and this had grown steadily worse, he declared, since the formation of the Communist International Bureau. His escape, via the British Zone of Germany and in a British plane, has prevented the Communists bringing him to trial, and has secured a respite for his followers. Mr. Mikolajczyk is now going to write his experiences during two-and-a-half years under the so-called People's Democracy. He is also considering issuing a statement on the general situation in Poland

THIS IMPORT WILL AID EXPORTS: This gleaming stainless steel railway coach, called "The Silver Princess," arrived recently at Victoria Docks, London. "The Silver Princess" was built in the United States, and has been sent to the Pressed Steel Company at Cowley, Oxford, where it will be used as a pattern for similar models which will be made under licence for re-export. The new coach is pressure ventilated, having a supply of cool air in summer and hot air in winter. Upholstery and fitments are the last word in luxury, and the coach has fluorescent lighting. The coaches are light in weight, but of great structural strength for passenger protection

AUSTRIA IS ASSURED OF A FAIR SHARE OF THE MONETARY GOLD LOOTED BY GERMANY: Mr. Lewis Douglas, the United States Ambassador in London; M. René Massigli, the French Ambassador; Mr. Ernest Bevin; and Dr. Schmid, the Austrian Minister in London, putting their signatures to the protocol at the Foreign Office. Provision was made in January of last year for Austria eventually to have a share in the distribution of the looted gold, the plan being based on arrangements made originally at Potsdam. The three-power commission in Brussels is making the allocations, and it has been agreed that Austria's share is 26,197 kilogrammes of fine gold. This is approximately valued at £6,500,000

"WE INTEND TO FIGHT," SAYS MR. F. C. LLEWELLYN: He is the oldest coracle fisherman on the River Teifi, West Wales, and he and his fellow fishermen are determined that a local by-law shall not put a stop to their age-old calling

TO SPEED THE PLOUGH IN WAR-TORN EUROPE: A cargo of tractors being loaded for export in the Thames at Dagenham. They are products of the Ford Works, which is now producing more than three times the number of tractors it did before the war. The present production figure is 160 per day, and the output is still soaring. Quite apart from aiding in Britain's exports, the tractors are helping to push forward the Government's £100,000,000 agricultural plan designed to raise the country's production 20 per cent.

THEY MAY BE COMING TO LONDON: Mr. Owen, a village postman, and Mr. Llewellyn, the oldest coracle salmon fisher in West Wales, discussing the problems of coracle fishing: Two thousand years ago Julius Cæsar, leading his legions through Western Wales, saw and put on record his delight and astonishment at the spectacle of coracle fishermen on the River Teifi. To-day coracle men still fish for salmon in the same river. But they are a rapidly dwindling race, and unless a by-law which threatens them is revoked, they and their picturesque craft will soon cease to be links between ancient and modern Britain. Under this by-law made by the Teifi and Ayron Fishery Board, a licence to fish the river by coracle is cancelled when the owner dies or retires. He cannot pass it on. The coracle men intend to fight to get the by-law revoked. If their appeal is turned down they will go direct to the Minister of Agriculture. It is possible that a deputation of sturdy old river men will in the near future be seen marching down Whitehall

THE CONSERVATIVE MACHINE IN ACTION

The Organisation That Lay Behind the Recent Municipal Elections

By CHARLES GRAVES

POLITICAL landslides, such as the recent municipal elections, do not occur without a great deal of spade-work. Not everybody realises, incidentally, that outside London only one-third of each council is elected annually, so that the sweep from Left to Right was really treble the apparent figures.

Only one member of the Conservative Party was not astonished by the results. He is Mr. Herbert Brabin, who was appointed to the Conservative Central Office barely a year ago as Local Government Officer. Mr. Brabin, who is fifty-six years old, and has spent the last twenty of them in local government, comes from Chadderton, near Manchester, where he was local magistrate and served on innumerable committees. On arrival at Abbey House he discovered that there were no records of local government affairs, although there was a local government advisory committee. He at once set to work to build up a proper organisation. Only the Socialists, until 1946, had taken national politics into local affairs; so that the whole Socialist Party machine was behind the municipal elections, whereas the local Conservatives had only their friends to help them.

The new local government department at Abbey House has been offering advice, help and guidance whenever requested, with what has proved to be most successful results, in spite of the fact that no actual directive is given as in the case of the Socialists. Much credit, of course, must also be given to Lord Woolton, who has addressed big meetings in the twelve areas, urging local Conservative leaders to improve their local machinery and try to persuade them to keep their local affairs in their own hands instead of allowing them to be State-run. As a result of all this, the number of big Conservative political meetings average sixty a week, compared with ten a week last year. Simultaneously, the panel of speakers, who range from the Front Bench to ordinary professional lecturers, has increased from

INTO BATTLE: Mr. Herbert Brabin, Local Government Officer at the Conservative Central Office and one of the architects of the recent victory in the municipal elections

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENTARY MISSION TO CHINA: Members seen on arrival at Nanking in the course of their travels, which are taking them to Peiping, Shanghai, Hankow, and other cities. Left to right—Mr. Frank McLeavy (M.P. for Bradford East), Mr. Martin Lindsay (M.P. for Solihull), Lord Ammon (Leader of the Delegation), Mr. W. Roberts (M.P. for North Cumberland), Mr. James Harrison (M.P. for Nottingham), and Lord Amulree. The visit to Taiwan (island of Formosa) is of special importance as it gives the mission an opportunity of investigating the circumstances of the recent rising

500 to over 2,000. (By the way, Lord Woolton will not yet say how successful has been his appeal for £1,000,000 for the Party funds, but I understand that it is very well on the way to the target, and hundreds of cheques arrived on the Monday morning after the results of the municipal elections were known, as thank-offerings.)

So much for what I learnt at the Central Office. Next I got in touch with four friends of mine—three of them Members of Parliament and one of them an adopted candidate, to hear what they had to say about their own local efforts to convert the electorate back to Conservatism. Mr. Max Aitken, M.P. for Holborn, has a peculiar constituency. In daytime the square mile of Holborn and Kingsway has a population of 250,000, though the electorate at the moment is only 22,000. This, of course, is caused by the vast numbers of big firms, Government offices, and shops in the area. Every Friday lunchtime, therefore, a big open-air meeting is held in Lincoln's Inn Fields to which come hundreds of voters, not only residents of Holborn but those who are employed there. Every Tuesday evening there is a meeting of the branch of the Holborn Young Conservatives. In future there is to be another weekly meeting at lunchtime. Other plans are for a week-end political school, a Conservative ball at the Conservative Hall, Bloomsbury, and a grand Empire bazaar at Kingsway Hall. This week a monthly newspaper called the *Holborn Review* has just been launched, and a shop-to-shop, office-to-office campaign has already started to contact business and professional voters by personal canvassing for both membership and money.

As soon as the Socialist plan to alter the constituencies has become law, Holborn will include the whole of the south-eastern division of St. Pancras, together with one ward of south-west St. Pancras, thus more than doubling the number of voters. Joint planning with the Conservative Associations in St. Pancras is already under way, and will involve a great deal more work. In the meantime, special efforts are being made to see that the present division is properly, only seven minutes from the House of Commons, it means that each visit to the constituency takes up a complete day.

Major Everard Gates is not only an M.P.; he is also vice-chairman of the Conservative and Unionist Association of the north-west area, which comprises seventy-eight constituencies in Lancashire, Cheshire, and Westmorland. During a single week in September he spent four nights in a sleeper—going to Manchester after luncheon, returning by the midnight train, breakfasting and working in London, returning to Manchester after luncheon, proceeding from there to Preston or Knutsford, addressing meetings and once again returning by the midnight train. Out of the past twenty week-ends he has spent sixteen in the north. On each occasion he has had to deliver two or three different speeches, discuss local politics, discover what progress has been made since he was last there, find out to what extent the north-west area can help locally, make sure that the Young Conservatives are getting their proper representation on the various committees, and write directly to Lord Woolton as chairman of the Party on various points which have cropped up during his visits. "One still finds that the ratepayer has an abysmal ignorance of how the rates are spent," he said. "Ask somebody which he would prefer—a 1s. 6d. torch or 4d. per annum on the rates for improved street lighting, and you will get a blank stare. The tragedy is that children who leave school know nothing of their rights or their responsibilities in spite of the Butler Education Act of 1944. In my own constituency a girl who was canvassed on my behalf said that she would like to vote for me, but she had been told that if she were ever unemployed she would draw benefit from the Labour Exchange. She therefore voted Labour in her own interest and hoped that Major Gates would forgive her. My own feeling is that I naturally do not object to any decision made by the British electorate as long as it is made with the eyes wide open and in full knowledge of the facts and the alternative. What I am trying to do, instead of vainly opposing the juggernaut Socialist Parliamentary majority, is to make sure that the people really know these facts and the alternative."

One of the most popular members of the Conservative panel of speakers is Mr. Beverley Baxter, M.P. for Wood Green. He is asked to go to practically all the by-elections. He is shortly off to Paisley, which will involve two nights on the train. Recently he has been speaking at such different places as Horley, Bournemouth and Rotherhithe. At Rotherhithe he found himself addressing the dockers from the top of a ladder, while a street juggler performed his tricks a few feet away on the pavement. On top of that he has been taking part in the *Daily Express* hustings campaign as well as speaking at luncheon after luncheon and dinner after dinner to such organisations as the Radio Manufacturers, the Caterers' Association, and the Society of Individualists. In addition to all this there are the Rotary Clubs and the Chambers of Commerce and all the meetings in his own constituency, which he has to address regularly.

These four politicians are typical of their colleagues and, like their agents and local chairmen, are being spurred to still greater efforts by the recent municipal results. Analysis of Socialist propaganda, much of which was extremely subtle in the years preceding 1945, and particularly during the war years (when the Conservative machine very properly packed up and went off to war), shows that at least 75 per cent. of it was directed to secure an anti-Tory mandate at the first post-war General Election. This campaign was crowned with victory, but many genuine Socialists have regretted it, because during the past two-and-a-half years they have had to introduce Socialism on a false foundation. Instead of a positive mandate for Socialism, they only possess a negative mandate against the Conservatives and all they stand for. As the Conservatives stand for a great deal, this is quite comprehensive, but it is by no means the same thing as a positive mandate for Socialism.

The vast majority of the people of this country know practically nothing about economics. They are guided chiefly by their feelings, and are beginning to feel that all is not right with England under a Socialist regime, although many of them have not yet felt any positive impact from the introduction of Socialism. No wonder that the Conservative Party is redoubling its efforts from their chairman down to the humblest canvasser.

THE IRISH LEADER COMES TO PARLEY IN LONDON: Mr. Eamon de Valera, Premier of Eire, seen on arrival at London Airport prior to his talks with Mr. Attlee and other Ministers on trade relations between Eire and the United Kingdom. Britain has promised Eire coal supplies, and in return we are assured of further supplies from the Irish larder

financially sound and can absorb the newcomers.

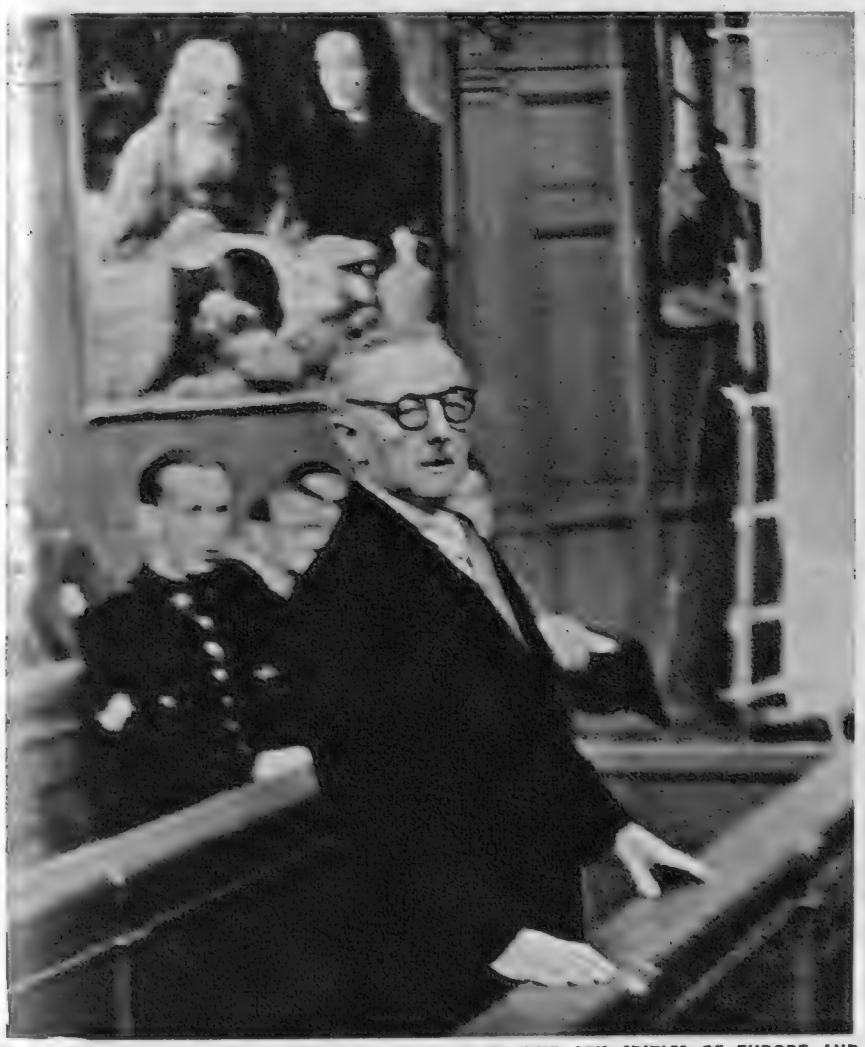
Mr. Henry Longhurst, the adopted Conservative candidate for Bedford, has a very different task. The constituency consists of one town and forty-five scattered villages with their own branches and chairmen, each of which expects to see him personally as often as possible. When I spoke to him he had just finished addressing seventeen meetings in the previous fifteen week-days. In addition to that he has, of course, to go to Party Headquarters in Bedford, attend committee meetings, write to the local newspapers, think out publicity schemes, file useful data as future ammunition against the Socialists, answer letters, and generally do all the work of an M.P. without receiving the £1,000 a year which a sitting Member gets. For a professional writer like him, the cost both in time and in money is very considerable. Fortunately, his mother lives in Bedford, which saves him staying at a local hotel, but as he lives, very

THE TRIAL OF HANS VAN MEEGEREN—THE AMSTERDAM COURT, CROWDED WITH ART EXPERTS, THE PRESS AND THE PUBLIC, RESEMBLED AN ART GALLERY WITH ITS WALLS ADORNED WITH DISPUTED VERMEERS: In the dock on the left sat van Meegeren, who openly admitted that he had faked the pictures and stood trial on his own confession. On the rostrum an expert is seen giving his evidence. The picture on the right behind the judges is "Christ with His Disciples at Emmaus," which was bought for Rotterdam's Boymanns Museum for £60,000 and exhibited in 1938 as a genuine Vermeer. Van Meegeren has now proved that he painted it

THE MAN WHO PAINTS "VERMEERS"

Hans Van Meegeren Stands Trial at Amsterdam

In 1936 it was announced from Holland that a Dutch family living in modest circumstances in Paris had discovered an old picture which Dr. Bredius, the Dutch art expert, had recognised as a genuine Vermeer. The picture was of "Christ and His Disciples at Emmaus," and was immediately declared to be worth at least £60,000. The art world was agog with the news, and the treasure passed into the hands of the Boymanns Museum, Rotterdam, where the Dutch public flocked to see it. Art critics were loud in their praise of the new Vermeer, no one seriously doubting its antiquity. Then, in the summer of 1945, came the bombshell. Hans van Meegeren, an artist and a suspected Dutch Nazi, was arrested on a charge of collaboration with the enemy, and astonished the world and confounded the art critics by his confession that he had produced a bogus series of seventeenth-century paintings, including the newly-discovered masterpiece of "Christ and His Disciples." He admitted that he had made over £500,000 from his forgeries. Asked if he could repeat the "Christ at Emmaus," van Meegeren replied: "I can do better, I can paint another Vermeer." After two months of work in the presence of six witnesses, van Meegeren produced "Christ Preaching in the Temple." Art experts considered it to be a magnificent picture in the true Vermeer style. Altogether there are now seven false Vermeers, and at the end of last month the trial of the "misguided genius" who created them was started in the Amsterdam Court of Justice. From the outset his authorship of the fakes was accepted, and the trial closed with the Public Prosecutor calling for a heavy sentence



HANS VAN MEEGEREN, THE MAN WHO CONFOUNDED THE ART CRITICS OF EUROPE AND MADE £500,000 BY THE SALE OF HIS VERMEER FORGERIES: *Left*—Standing in the dock at Amsterdam. Behind him is one of the disputed paintings. *Right*—Another general view of the court. Van Meegeren is answering a question from the dock. One of the art experts is on the witness-stand. The experts were lost in admiration of van Meegeren's version of the Vermeer blue

New Lamps and Old

VICTORIAN WOMEN IN THE PILLORY

And It is the Women Writers of To-day Who Put Them There

By JOHN GORE

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES: Some Victorian Novelists and Modern Critics.—That the women fiction writers of the Victorian age should interest the women writers of our own day is not surprising. The surprising thing is that the literature concerning them turned out in the last few years by writing women is not even larger than it is. Those Victorians are exactly the target which women writers of our own day feel sure of hitting plumb on the bull. They are fascinated by them, but almost invariably approach them with an easy condescension and iconoclastic intentions, and often suddenly discover that the subject bores them before their books are finished.

They deal with them as professionals deal with talented amateurs, and usually "damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer." The narrow range, the repressions, the conventions, the enslavement to a masculine tyranny, which they judge to have fettered the genius of their predecessors, are matters for ridicule or cynical sympathy, and the women of to-day are more concerned to glorify their own emancipation than to assess the merits under so many handicaps of their great or competent forerunners. But, as it seems to me, there is another reason for the comparatively small output of this form of literary criticism, and for its general inferiority as criticism.

Many of the women writers of to-day have a bee in their bonnets when they write about the women of the past. They are obsessed with the importance of nursery and childhood experiences—sexual, for choice—and since that obsession covers and colours their criticism of all types of women, queens or gipsies or literary ladies, their choice is wide and the literary women receive only their quota of attention. Queen Elizabeth is just as interesting a subject for the buzzing of this particular bee as Charlotte Brontë. And when the literary woman gets her share of attention, she inevitably receives, through the very limitations of that obsession, rather harsh treatment and a partial verdict.

For these modern women critics, blinded by their obsessions, *ipso facto* deny to the women writers of the past any *creative* faculty at all. Their creations of character and situation are not creations of the imagination at all; they are nothing but the records and memories of youthful experiences, the reiterated and re-dressed repressions and figures of childhood. Forever the characters and situations in their novels must be identified with persons and situations met with in their younger days.

In a word, they may be talented photographers, but they cannot possibly be artists because the essential quality of art—creative imagination—is denied them by their critic's yardstick.

Juvenilia.—None would deny the influence of Haworth and their eerie, lonely upbringing there on the Brontës and on their works. It is fair to say that a girl brought up in a London suburb and educated at a fashionable girls' school could not conceivably have written *Wuthering Heights*. But the obsession becomes an absurdity when the characters in the far less abnormal Charlotte's novels must all be related back to persons known to her in her youth and pronounced to be composite or individual portraits.

That we are all of us, writers or no, a part of all that we have seen needs no stressing, and his experiences at any one stage in his career define the limits and perhaps the field of an artist's creative power. As his experiences grow in volume and range with the years, so no doubt the field of his creative powers may broaden. But such experiences do not turn him into a better and better-stocked photographic gallery with an "original" ready pigeon-holed for any situation or plot.

At that rate, we must begin the sorry business of finding the flesh-and-blood prototype of Elizabeth Bennett, Emma, Jeanie Deans, Esmond, and what you will.

No doubt, authors themselves have sometimes encouraged this denial of their creative genius by giving their public a private view of "how the wheels go round."

It is never *safe*, as Trollope found; and Stevenson probably regretted his own hints at the components of Long John Silver (though he let them slip merely as proofs of his own methods of creation), or Conan Doyle, in his natural anxiety to keep the Holmes legend alive, may have regretted his clues to the original of Sherlock. But Doyle, though a brilliant story-teller, was a burner of midnight oil, a painstaking adapter of other men's wares and other painters' landscapes. It is the end of all standards of criticism when the same yardstick must be applied to Heathcliff and to Dr. Watson.

Working With a Yardstick.—Most serious critics would agree that a work like *Wuthering Heights* is prose-poetry, must be judged as poetry (if it be not beyond the range of criticism), and is no more susceptible of assessment by workaday yardstick than is *Kubla Khan*. But a critic who goes to his work of criticism of masterpieces with a yardstick of any kind will not rise high in his profession. He must approach each with infinite curiosity, an open mind, a humble heart, even if he be hostile from the start.

Perhaps when he has reached his own honest opinion concerning one of Jane Austen's novels, he may apply the yardstick he has so created to his measurement of the other five. But not to a measurement of works of her contemporaries, be they acknowledged artists or talented amateurs.

The evils of so much of modern literary criticism grew out of the plethora of books published between the wars. The average critic would find his table inundated with new novels of often high competence, and it became impossible for him to treat each one on its merits. The detective novel, for example, became standardised. Accepted rules grew up governing its composition, and for these innumerable new productions some sort of yardstick was the critic's necessary staff. But it was used too freely in other fields.

A more serious source of evil was the habit that grew in the same period of simplifying our past social history, and of crisply "explaining" it to an audience hungry for instruction. And, as is the way of schoolmasters, a certain superiority and cynicism crept into their discourses, as though they were describing, and dismissing, an ancient puppet-show or some nursery game played by children of a vanished age. The living generation alone had achieved the wise way of life, the dead generations were but museum pieces, touching perhaps, but comic in their ignorance and their benightedly primitive ideas, amenities and deficiencies.

Thus, it became reasonable to assess the merits of any dead author by the yardstick of existing "civilised life," which at last had "attained to man's estate," at last reached maturity, sanity and wisdom. And naturally enough the fashionable methods of psycho-analysis were freely employed in these new assessments, and debunking became the order of the day. But it won't do. We have invented or perfected many exciting and perhaps useful scientific inventions which have made nonsense of time and space and much else besides, but we have not invented, nor indeed perfected, human nature, and have no good reason to suppose that it differed under togas or trunk hose or crinolines from what it is under modern dress.

In a word, you cannot lump the writers of the past into categories, lay them out as museum exhibits, measure them with your modern scientific instruments. If you criticise them, you must afford them the same individual attention (allowing for their handicaps) which (if you are a writer, *a fortiori* a woman writer) you will certainly demand from those who criticise your own work.

GRANTHAM HAS A GROUSE: A petition is being prepared by the residents of Grantham for presentation to the Minister of Transport protesting against the scheme for widening the Great North Road where it passes through the town. It is proposed to demolish the whole of the east side of Watergate, the street on the left of this picture, and to widen Vine Street, on the right. Opponents of the scheme point out that it would be far preferable for the Great North Road to by-pass Grantham altogether. It is also pointed out that the scheme entails the demolition of twenty-three houses, some of them Georgian, and all of them inhabited. It would involve rehousing fifteen displaced families, and the only possible alternative accommodation would be in "prefabs" on the outskirts of the town. On the right of the picture is the Angel and Royal Hotel, the oldest hotel in the country. King John held a Court there in 1213, and it was there that Richard III signed Buckingham's death-warrant

A RELIC OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE: Formerly adorning the southern gateway of the bridge, this stone carving of the Royal Arms of King George II now appears on the frontage of the King's Arms Tavern in Newcomen Street, Borough High Street. This fine piece of heraldic carving was removed when the old bridge was demolished. After removal the lettering was skilfully altered by a local sculptor from G.II.R to G.III.R, and the date of the accession of King George III, 1760, was added

THE SEARCH FOR ROMAN LONDON

Excavating in the Bombed Cripplegate Area Along the Line of London Wall

DELVING INTO LONDON'S PAST: Mr. W. F. Grimes, Keeper of the London Museum, assisted by Miss Adrienne Farrell, a volunteer worker, in the excavations at Monkwell Street, E.C., where the Roman and Medieval Excavation Council, under the direction of Mr. Grimes, is systematically exploring the area laid waste by the blitz. Before building work begins again in this ravaged area lying just to the north of St. Paul's, Mr. Grimes and his fellow-archæologists hope to obtain a truer idea of what London looked like in the days when it was a Roman fortress

It is not given to everyone to find a Tutankhamen tomb, and as far as the archæologist is concerned the less spectacular research is often the most rewarding. Mr. Grimes, in seizing the opportunity of excavating the blitzed areas of the City of London, has been working for some months along the line of the London Wall around Cripplegate. The first results of his efforts are now to be seen in a special exhibition at the Guildhall Museum. As these results come to be co-ordinated, Mr. Grimes may be able to lift the veil from many of the still unsolved mysteries of Roman London.

FOUND BENEATH THE CRIPPLEGATE BASTION: A tray of pottery fragments unimportant in themselves but an indication of the antiquity of the level on which work is being conducted

ONE OF THE BASTIONS OF HISTORIC LONDON WALL: An interior view and (*below*) an exterior view of the Cripplegate bastion, where considerable excavation work has taken place during the past few months under the direction of Mr. Grimes. The summit of the bastion is medieval, but at the lowest level the stonework is Roman, dating forty years after the invasion of the Emperor Claudius. By patient research on these blitzed sites, Mr. Grimes believes it may eventually be his privilege to rewrite much of the Roman history of London

SACHA GUITRY DEFENDS HIMSELF: The French actor-author reappears in public to state his case in dramatic form. Accused of collaboration during the German occupation, Guitry made his defence, last month, by appearing in the Salle Pleyel in Paris and himself taking the parts of accuser, defendant and witness. He had not made a public appearance for some time. Son of the famous actor Lucien Guitry, Sacha was born in Leningrad (then St. Petersburg) in 1885. He is now engaged on a film of the life of his father

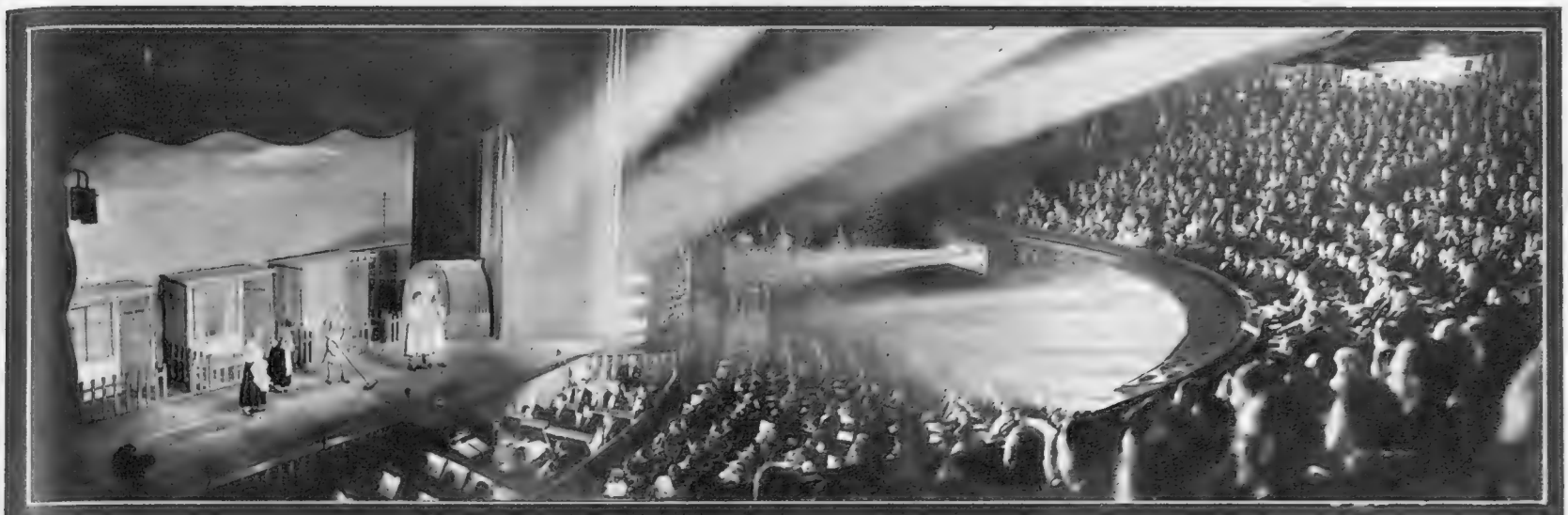
IN THE SPOTLIGHT

The Royal Variety Performance at the Palladium; Coloured Singers and Actors in London; Picasso writes a Play and Guitry Acts His Own Defence

PABLO PICASSO TURNS PLAYWRIGHT: Zanie Aubier, who will represent "Le désir attrapé par la queue" in the famous painter's first play "La Tarte." Since Jean Cocteau has turned to painting as a medium for his creative talent, Pablo Picasso has turned to the theatre, and his play *La Tarte* will shortly be produced in New York. A Spaniard, born in Malaga, Picasso has become the leading experimentalist of modern art. Working in Paris, it was he who began the cult of Cubism in 1906-12 in association with Georges Braque

A FAMOUS NEGRO SINGER WHO IS TOURING ENGLAND: Todd Duncan at a reception in London before leaving for the provinces: Twelve years ago, Todd Duncan was a professor of music at a college in Washington. George Gershwin, at that time, had completed the first Negro opera *Porgy* and was searching for a singer to play the title-role. Todd Duncan was introduced to him, and the composer at once recognised the exceptional quality of his baritone voice and gave him the part. Earlier this month, Todd Duncan gave concerts in London and the provinces, and he will complete the tour in Leicester, returning to London next Friday

THREE OF TANYA MOISEIWITSCH'S COSTUME SKETCHES FOR THE NEW PRODUCTION OF "PETER GRIMES" AT COVENT GARDEN: *Above*—**A fisherman in the chorus;** *above, right*—**Bob Boles, the Methodist fisherman;** *below, right*—**Bulstrode, the retired sea captain.** Tanya, daughter of Benno Moiseiwitsch, has designed the scenery and costumes for several straight plays and for the C. B. Cochran musical comedy *Bless the Bride*, but the new production of *Peter Grimes* is the first opera for which she has done the decor. The chorus fisherman wears a dark-blue jacket, grey and indigo-striped jersey, blue trousers and grey hat. Bob Boles is clad in grey-brown jacket, natural-coloured jersey, black trousers and black hat, and Bulstrode in dark blue. The production of *Peter Grimes*, which was added to the autumn season repertory last week, is by Tyrone Guthrie, and is the first, in this country, with a full orchestra. The cast includes Joan Cross, Peter Pears, Edith Coates and Owen Brannigan. Joan Cross and Peter Pears created the parts of Ellen and Peter Grimes in the original production in 1945. Later, they will be replaced by Doris Doree and Frank Sale



THE CRAZY GANG ENTERTAIN THE ROYAL FAMILY AT THE ROYAL COMMAND PERFORMANCE AT THE PALLADIUM : A panoramic view of the stage and crowded auditorium. The Royal box, which can be distinguished in the centre of the picture, was decorated with white, yellow and scarlet chrysanthemums and carnations

The Royal Party, consisting of the King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret and Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, R.N., attended the Royal Variety Performance at the London Palladium. They were received by Prince Littler, President of the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund, and among those presented to Their Majesties were the producer, Val Parnell, and the manager of the theatre, Barry Storri. The audience sang the National Anthem lustily as the Royal Party came to the front of their box to mark the beginning of a highly successful show which included a representative selection of the best talent in the variety world. Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson sang songs from the musical comedy *Annie Get Your Gun*, Laurel and Hardy satisfied the film-goers, while the Crazy Gang and Gracie Fields brought the necessary element of traditional English music hall. At the end, the entire company sang "There's no Business Like Show Business" with Miss Fields

FATHER RECLAIMS HIS ERRING DAUGHTER : A scene from the all-Negro play "Anna Lucasta" at His Majesty's Theatre, with (left to right) : Kenneth Freeman ; Frank Silvera ; Hilda Simms ; John Tate and Reginald Fenderson

The original company which played Philip Yordan's *Anna Lucasta* with great success in New York has come to His Majesty's Theatre, where it is likely to stay for some time. The story is a simple and unoriginal one —that of the bad girl reformed by a simple and genuine love. But the play is made effective and fresh by the superb acting of the all-coloured cast. In particular the love scene between Anna Lucasta (Hilda Simms) and Rudolf (Earle Hyman) raises the piece to a high level of integrity

THE "HAYSEED" FROM THE SOUTH FACES THE FAMILY, WHO ARE OUT TO GET HIS 800 DOLLARS : On the left is Earle Hyman as Rudolf (not such a fool as he looks), and next to him Frederick O'Neal, John Proctor and Betty Haynes

ENGLISH MUSICAL COMEDY STAR AND COLOURED TORCH SINGER : Carol Lynne greets Lena Horne on her arrival in London. The blues singer is over here to give London audiences an opportunity to hear her £1,000-a-week voice, when she appears at the London Casino. At a reception, on her arrival here, she told the reporters that she was interested in serious music and hoped to meet composer William Walton, but that she had no ambition to sing anything but "Blues and Torches"

A METHODIST CHAPEL IN BRIGHTON BECOMES AN INTIMATE THEATRE : Repertory players Marie Hopps, Moya Fenwick, Bray Wyndham, the producer, and Gordon Court discuss plans for the first production, "Viceroy Sarah." Repertory actors in search of a theatre are not uncommon these days. One such company ended their search a year ago, when they looked over the dilapidated Kingscliff Cinema in Brighton. The building, originally a Methodist Chapel, was in poor shape and would seat only 300, but it had possibilities for an intimate theatre, and they immediately set about planning and applying for the necessary repair licences. Eventually these were obtained, new walls were erected, the stage strengthened and the building made weatherproof. The company is to work on the group-theatre principle—leading players being paid £5 a week, no more than the other actors and the stage hands—and they worked together painting, carpentering and wiring to change the old Victorian building into a cheerful, intimate theatre. It has been renamed The Playhouse

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE AUTUMN PUBLISHING SPATE

Despite Paper and Production Difficulties Books Pour from the Press at an Increasing Rate

DESPITE the paper and production difficulties, the autumn publishing season this year seems, from the volume of output, to be approximating to pre-war standards. With so little space available, it is obviously quite impossible to deal thoroughly with all the new books which have poured into this office from the presses, and the most a reviewer can do is to cover the output the best he can by giving his readers a short line on what is new.

Some of these are important books, as, for instance, Mr. William L. Shirer's END OF A BERLIN DIARY (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.). Readers will remember the original *Berlin Diary* published in 1941, which gave the world an eye-witness account of what was going on in Germany just then. In this book, Mr. Shirer goes back to Germany after the war and in it he proceeds to uncover most of the Nazi secrets; to give an unforgettable picture of the inner workings of the military machine, and he concludes with some observations on the rôle the Germans expect to play in the rift between West and East.

Mr. James P. Warburg was one of President Roosevelt's original "brain-trusters," and is a great friend of this country. In the U.S.A. he is an acknowledged authority on foreign affairs. In GERMANY—BRIDGE OR BATTLEGROUND (Heinemann. 15s.), he attempts to answer the question raised in a manner by Mr. Shirer: Between East and West shall Germany be a bridge or battleground? This is a hard-hitting book, besides being a valuable report on conditions in Germany to-day.

It is with curiosity tinged with sadness for things too well remembered that one begins AUSTRIAN REQUIEM, by Kurt von Schuschnigg (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.). Here, in terms of personal anguish, is told the tragic story of the last days of free Austria. Herr von Schuschnigg also relates his personal experiences to his country's relations with her neighbours during the four years he was Chancellor. The last part of the book is his prison diary, which was smuggled from place to place; and finally there is an appendix, being a transcript of telephone conversations between Berlin and other capitals made when the German Army was marching into Austria.

In the realm of pure literature, there comes the first volume of an important work, THE JOURNALS OF ANDRÉ GIDE (Secker and Warburg. 25s.). Translated from the French with an Introduction and notes by Justin O'Brien, this volume begins in 1889 when, at the age of twenty, André Gide began keeping a journal, and it breaks off in 1914. You see him as a young man sitting at the feet of Mallarmé, but very quickly developing that strong individuality which has brought him controversial fame in later years.

Another great contemporary figure of the world of letters is represented by ESSAYS OF THREE DECADES (Secker and Warburg. 21s.), by Thomas Mann, translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. These essays have appeared in various forms in German and in English over the period from 1911 until the present day. Perhaps the most outstanding of them are the four major essays, "Goethe and his Works." The range of Mann's critical philosophy is demonstrated by his choice and treatment of the variety of subjects in this book, which is, by any standard, one of the most important of this generation.

Mr. Karl Geiringer calls his HAYDN (Allen and Unwin. 21s.) "A Creative Life in Music." As the publishers point out, this is the first biography of Haydn in English for forty years, and naturally it contains a good deal of new material. Mr. Geiringer dedicates his book "To England: the country that brought out the best in Haydn and that has been a source of encouragement and inspiration to various artists of all times." Such tributes from the U.S.A. are rare and refreshing in these days.

In a series of excellently produced "Contemporary Composers," Messrs. Dennis Dobson include RAVEL (8s. 6d.), by Roland-Manuel. The author was a close friend of Maurice Ravel for more than a decade, and while the composer's development is traced and his technique analysed with much technical detail, the book is garnished with many personal reminiscences which make it interesting to the ordinary reader as well as to the music-lover.

Miss Phyllis Bottome's SEARCH FOR A SOUL (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.) could be described as part of an autobiography, since it is the story of her life up to the age of eighteen. The daughter of an American parson married to an English wife, living and working on both sides of the Atlantic, Miss Bottome tells her story with perspicaciousness, self-criticism, intellectual integrity, and charm.

GRANDFATHER LONG LEGS (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.), by Ian Morrison, is sub-titled "The Life and Gallant Death of Major H. P. Seagrim, G.C., D.S.O., M.B.E." This fine soldier and saintly character was given the nickname of "Grandfather Long Legs" by the Karen people, the subject race in Burma, among whom his great deeds were achieved. It is fashionable nowadays to be shy of war books, but whoever the reader, I guarantee that once he starts to read about this strange, good man, he will not lightly put the book down again.

JAMES II ON HIS TRAVELS AGAIN: This statue by Grinling Gibbons, showing the King in a Roman toga, was formerly in St. James's Park, and it is shortly to be moved from the Aldwych tube, where it has been in safe keeping for eight years. It will be erected on a site in the centre of the Western Green in front of the National Gallery. As a result of this decision, the statue of Washington, at the eastern end of the Eastern Green will be moved a few yards to the west

Two members of the Chungking Bureau of *Time*, Theodore H. White and Annalee Jacoby, have for many years been in close contact with Chinese affairs, and in the course of their professional and private lives have had a unique opportunity to observe first-hand the Chinese people under the prolonged strife which has afflicted their country. THUNDER OUT OF CHINA (Gollancz. 16s.) is a serious study of the roots and reasons for the Civil War which has been gnawing the Chinese vitals. It is also a record of American attempts to bring order out of chaos. It contains also a warm appreciation of that remarkable General, Stilwell, and a not-so-flattering estimate of the work of Ambassador Hurley.

Another authoritative writer on China is Mr. James Bertram, who spent the earliest years of the Civil War in China and Japan. SHADOW OF A WAR (Gollancz. 18s.) is the story of his return to Chungking in 1940, and of his service with the Hong Kong Volunteers during the siege and final capitulation. There follows an interlude in Japanese prison camps, with some comments on British collaborators which do not make pleasant reading.

CATHERINE, SAINT OF SIENA, by Michael de la Bedoyere (Hollis and Carter. 12s. 6d.), is a biography of one of the great figures of Christian history. It is also a fascinating study of a woman who, born of humble parents and entirely uneducated, became the correspondent of Popes, Princes, Cardinals and statesmen, and who subsequently played a fundamental part in the tremendous happenings in the Church and in international politics in the fourteenth century.

That blend of high idealism, astringent wit, cynical disillusionment and forthright criticism which distinguishes the *New Yorker* from any other publication of its kind in the world is ably demonstrated in Mr. Wolcott Gibbs's SEASON IN THE SUN (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.). Although Mr. Gibbs claims that there is not such an animal as a typical *New Yorker* writer, readers of that magazine will discover from this collection some of the sources of its value and its uniqueness. The series of articles from which the book takes its title is a brilliant exercise in satire on certain well-recognised American types.

Also from America comes what is described as "a nostalgic novel," THERE'S A SPOT IN MY HEART (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), by Frank Leslie. It is one of those books, full of urbane family humour, which might easily have been entitled "Life With Grandfather." This endearing character, his equally enchanting wife, and the New York scenes of half-a-century ago are delightfully portrayed.

A slight but moving love-story, set in a mountain village in the Abruzzi, is THE HILLS REMAIN (John Lane. 7s. 6d.), a first novel by Nicolas Powell. Although the war provides the necessary background, it is not the dominating theme. The story has literary qualities above the average.

So it is with THE STRUMPET WIND (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.), which is also a first novel, by Gordon Merrick. This is a story of counter-espionage and of the dilemma of a self-assured young man who, in the course of routine, was assigned to work with a French collaborationist, to live with his family, learn his secret, and then to denounce the lot. Mr. Merrick extracts a good deal of dramatic and emotional appeal from this situation, and he is to be congratulated on a promising beginning.

JOHN THE GREAT (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.), by Donald Barr Chidsey. John L. Sullivan, who was regarded more as a god than as a pugilist by his contemporaries, who was a public hero throughout the '80's and '90's, and even after his defeat by Corbett received the adulation of the crowds wherever he went, remains perhaps the most intriguing personality of his age, whereas the captains of industry and the railway kings have become mere shadowy figures in a red-plush past. When he was drunk, as he often was, Sullivan was a dull, quarrelsome, bragging bully, and when he was fighting he was brute force incarnate. But the "Boston Strong Boy" could talk with Princes and Presidents as to the manner born, and he never lost the common touch. In victory he was chivalrous, in defeat he produced no alibis; and when at long last he abandoned drink he did so with his usual thoroughness. There has never been a complete list of the men he fought, and there will never be a complete one of the legion he befriended. Mr. Chidsey's biography does Sullivan a full measure of justice. It shows him more than life-size, which indeed he was.

SPORTING PAGEANT (H. F. and G. Witherby. 12s. 6d.), by Terence Horsley. The author uses a gun, a rifle and an aeroplane, and he is at his best when making aerial camera shots of the countryside.

THE STORY OF THE BOSTON STRONG BOY

And Other Books Briefly Reviewed

NOMAD (Chapman and Hall. 8s. 6d.), by Robin Maugham. The author, whose first book was a brilliant personal account of desert warfare in North Africa, now recalls his experiences in the Levant, where he was assigned to duty after being wounded. His sympathetic analysis of the Arab character is an outcome of his admiration of the Arab viewpoint on personal freedom.

CHACO CHAPTERS (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), by Winifred Revill. The author made her home among the Mataco Indians in Argentina's far north, and on the whole it would appear that the Swiss Family Robinson had an easier time of it. How she converted a ruined house in a jungle clearing into a home after beginning her catering with a cooking-pot under a tree makes brave reading.

THE STORY OF SURGERY (Arthur Barker. 12s. 6d.), by George Bankoff. An author who has written palatably for the layman on medical subjects now tells the story of medicine's companion calling from the days when the surgeon's weapon was a sharp flint stone.

ALPINE ROUNDABOUT (Chapman and Hall. 15s.), by Anthony M. Robinson. A book of personal mountaineering adventures which may fill the gap for many until they are free again to set their feet on the great Alpine peaks.

GOTHIC PAINTING (Avalon Press. 8s. 6d.), by Cyril G. E. Bunt. An important new addition to the "Discussions on Art" series. One of the four colour-plates is taken from the Wilton Diptych.

DEVIL AT MY HEELS (Macdonald. 12s. 6d.), by R. W. Thompson. The record of a journey from Tromso, North Norway, to the Black Sea. The terrible tyrannies of the Balkans, where freedom and democracy are stamped out in the name of freedom and democracy, make profoundly disturbing reading.

WE MADE A FILM IN CYPRUS (Longmans. 12s. 6d.), by Laurie Lee and Ralph Keene. The film was shot in seven weeks, and here script-writer and director tell the story of their adventures in making it.

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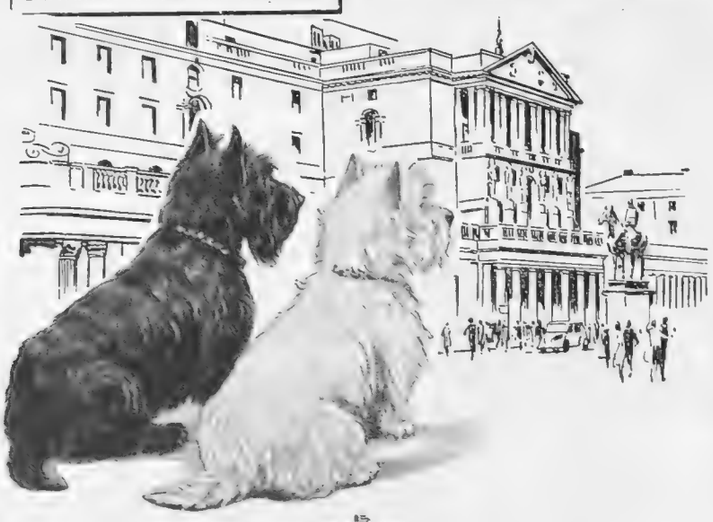

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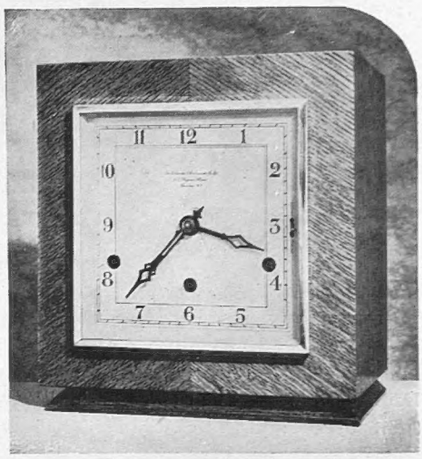

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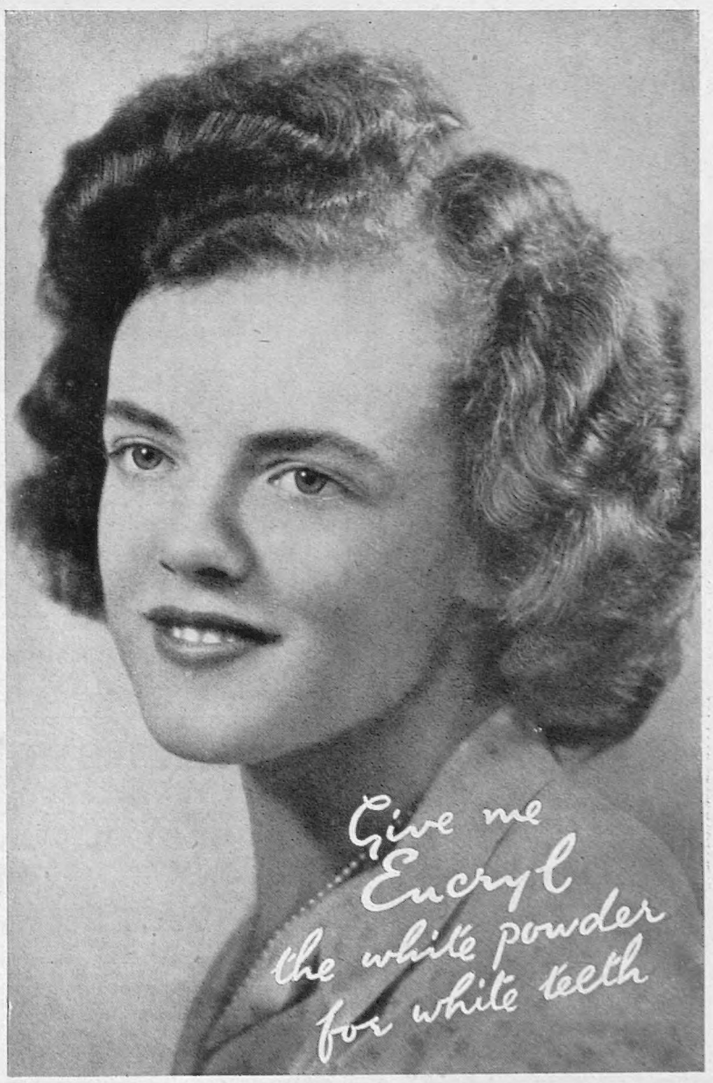

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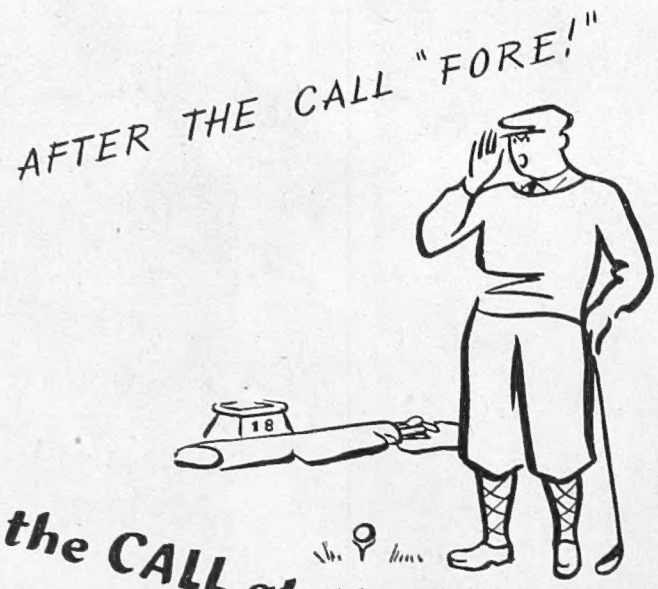

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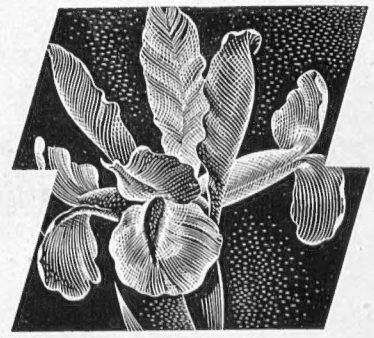

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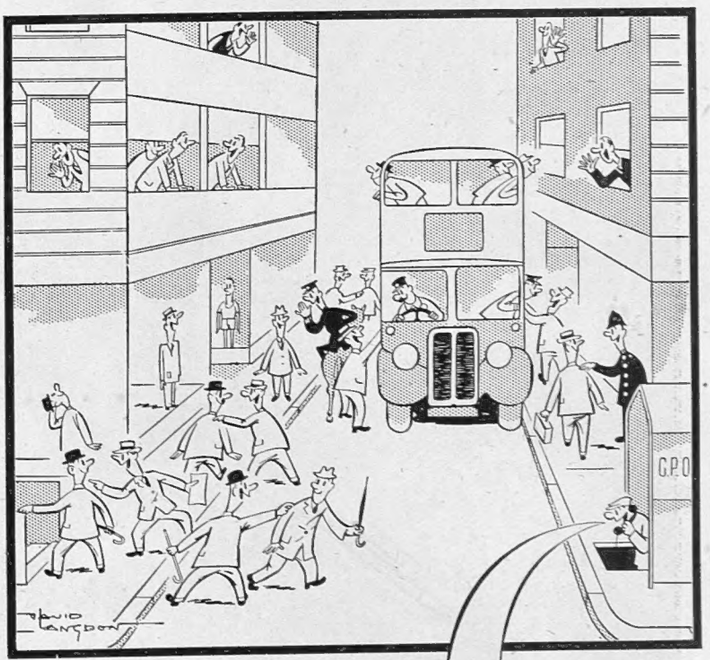

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